

Beginning: "THE SAFETY VALVE" by Scammon Lockwood
10¢ Leslie's Weekly 10¢

JANUARY 21, 1922

"News That Makes Us Think"

PRICE 10 CENTS



Painted by P. V. E. IVORY

See "The Safety Valve"—Page 78

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MAYCLEASE DESIGN



In the right foreground is an early type desk in maple.

Two glass doors which open disclose a draw-out desk compartment. One long drawer under.

The interior is painted in bright colors and spaces for writing compartments are carefully considered. Size 35" wide, 48" high.

The Medfield Couch in the far right hand corner is most interesting. It has substantial box-spring, luxurious seat cushions and loose pillows.

This is the solution to the davenport bug-a-boo. Everyone who appreciates comfort and beauty will appreciate this piece. 6' long, 27" deep; back is 33" high.

The Concord Table in the foreground is familiar to our friends.

The Weston Chair (by the windows) may be had in Walnut or Maple, has a rush seat, comfortably inclined back, gracefully turned legs.

The Hexton Wing Chair (near the fire place) is a fine old, high-back Wing Chair. 50" high.

The Mushroom Chair (by the desk) is a reproduction in Maple of an old American piece. The mushroom endings on the front posts add greatly to the design. The back posts are 46" high, and have four slats.

The Rose Clock on the wall has been previously described.

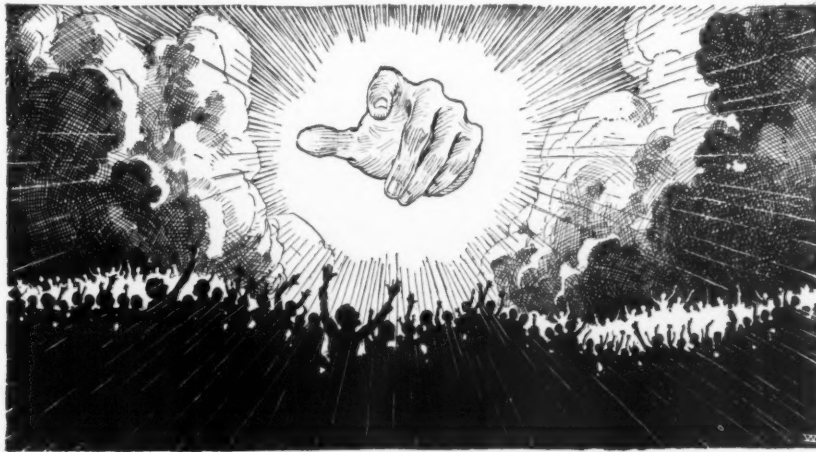
WHILE we have staged Mayclese Furniture in the traditional Rafted Room with its hand-hewn girders and ancient fire-place, one should not assume that this furniture is not perfectly at home in almost any contemporary setting. Pure design finds its place in almost any environment.

The alluring possibilities of Mayclese Furniture are somewhat depicted in the above illustration. We would be glad to devise other equally attractive decorative schemes, for your own home—your living room, dining room or, perhaps, the bed-room. We have many suggestions to make and would be glad to cooperate with you in helping you to develop "the house" into "the home."

To accurately appraise the remarkable quality and value in Mayclese Furniture you must know that it is hand-made; that our production capacity is very limited; that it is not handled by the "shops"—you are obtaining it direct from the makers. It is only because of this that it is possible for you to obtain such pieces at prices that will not usually buy the most ordinary factory productions.

We do not publish a catalogue, but shall be very glad to correspond with you and furnish blue prints or sketches of pieces to meet your particular requirements.

MAYCLEASE FURNITURE
331 MADISON AVENUE N.Y. *and* DECORATION



How the Mystic Power of Psycho-anism Is Sweeping Its Thousands to Success!

Science's Newest and Most Amazing Discovery In the Realm of Spirit which Bids Fair to Banish Poverty, Failure and Suffering Forever

SOME years ago there came to New York City a young man from New England. His clothes were threadbare, his shoes were worn, but above the frayed edge of his turned up coat collar was a chin which spoke determination in every line—and above that chin were eyes in which glowed and sparkled a lambent flame.

This young man was poor, desperately poor. Between himself and starvation there was exactly twenty-seven cents. But he did not starve. To-day his name is known far and wide. Not only has he won for himself success, riches, happiness, but through his amazing teaching more than half a million men and women have followed his footsteps to their goals of achievement, wealth, and the fullest meaning of life.

The Secret of the Ages

How did he do it? What is the strange power which carried him up? What is this amazing teaching which even now is sweeping across the land like a gigantic tidal wave? Where and how was this new thing discovered? The answers to these questions form one of the most startling revelations, one of the most far-reaching and important discoveries in the history of mankind.

Out of the ruck of war, failure, poverty and suffering a new light has sprung. In its bright rays forces of nature before unknown stand revealed. Elements whose existence were unguessed spring up. And from these primal elements has been born a new thought, a new teaching which already has become a mighty and irresistible movement for the uplift of the entire human race.

The name given this new teaching is Psycho-anism. And to the young man with the threadbare coat belongs the credit of giving it to the world.

The theory on which he worked was simple. Toward the monumental achievements of the past he turned the searching light of modern science. If Socrates, Alexander, de Vinci, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Lincoln, Edison, and Morgan had won, had achieved, why could not other men do the same? What was the intangible, all-powerful "something" which these men possessed, and what was it that had raised them above the heads of generations? All these who had engraved their names on the structure of civilization had this "something" which other men did not have, but this "something," said the young man, was the right of every living man.

The young man studied and labored. He sacrificed time, money, everything to his quest. Then, suddenly his search was rewarded in a wonderful way, for he found that the secret, the real secret of all human greatness which he had sought so long lay in the hollow of his hand.

That was the beginning, and the wonderful secret so long hidden became the foundation upon which the new doctrine was built. It is the very heart of Psycho-anism, that strange new power even now sweeping irresistibly across the world.

How Its Mysterious Power Works

The field of Psycho-anism is the world. Its scope knows no boundaries. It recognizes no class, no individual. Its benefits are for all.

Laborers and capitalists, millionaires and beggars, doctors, lawyers, engineers, bankers, clerks, and executives, men and women, rich and poor, more than 500,000 of them are reporting almost unbelievable results. In terms of material things it has increased incomes 100%, 200%, yes even 500% in the space of a few short months. It has crowned with the laurels of success men who only yesterday were rank failures. It has brought financial independence to middle-aged, broken-down derelicts. It has taken young men burying themselves in a rut, and placed them in positions of responsibility and trust.

But more than all this, it has fired the ambitions of thousands to the attainment of better things. Happiness, health, power, influence, follow in the wake of the great army of the Psycho-anists. Self-confidence, courage, leadership are its fundamental laws. This formerly unknown "something," this limitless power, the "gift to the chosen few," is, through Psycho-anism being distributed worldwide to every living man and woman.

What Lies Behind the Amazing Results of this Power?

Psycho-anism may be defined as "the power of the human will to do."

Like electricity it is a force which we cannot catalogue, for beyond the fact that such a force exists, we do not know what it is. We can see a manifestation of electricity in lightning. We can see the results electricity produces when a street car moves, or when we receive a galvanic shock, but we cannot see or feel or hear electricity itself.

So with Psycho-anism we can neither see nor feel the human will, but we can see it work. We can see the results it produces. And when developed to the uttermost and used, these results are more marvelous by far than those of electricity. Some of them actually seem to promise that the new age of miracles has arrived. And if it were possible for every living soul to immediately apply all the Psycho-anistic principles at once, there is no doubt but that the destiny of the human race would be changed.

Psycho-anism is based upon this one thing—the infinite power of the human will. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value, without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, although heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power

like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstances, we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice. Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And these are the things Psycho-anism is bringing to its vast and ever increasing army of followers.

Try It in Your Own Case—It Costs You Nothing

That the millennium is about to arrive through Psycho-anism, the leaders of the movement make no exaggerated claims. But that the application of the basic principles of the teaching is the secret of all human greatness seems a certainty. The results already recorded are overwhelming. And so sure are the sponsors of this revolutionary teaching that it is one of the greatest discoveries ever made in practical psychology and its application to everyday life that they are sending to all who ask for it their great and astonishing Book, "Power of Will," absolutely free for five day examination.

Many who read this book say it is "second only to the Bible." In it you will find all the basic principles of this great new "success-science."

Send for this book. Keep it for the five days. Apply some of its simple teachings. Watch the results! If it does not reveal to you powers which you have never dreamed existed—if it does not convince you that it holds for you the real secret of success—if you do not find in its pages inspiration which will force you up the ladder to your goal,—if it does not show you the sure, short-cut to wealth, happiness, independence, all you have longed for, as it has for thousands of others, just mail it back. We wish to force this amazing secret on no one who is not convinced of its priceless value. On the other hand if you wish to keep it, simply mail \$3.00 at the end of five days and the book is yours.

Mail the coupon below or write a letter now. Opportunity is pounding on your door. Every moment you waste you are losing money, you are forfeiting your birthright to true happiness. Get the coupon off to-day, Pelton Publishing Co., 47-A Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.,
47-A Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me for free examination, "Power of Will," the great Book on the miracle-power of Psycho-anism. I agree to remit \$3.00 or return the book to you in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

A Few Examples

Among the 500,000 who have investigated Psycho-anism are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-United States Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells Fargo Express Co., E. St. Elmo Lewis, of Detroit, Ex-Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly Newspaper in the United States

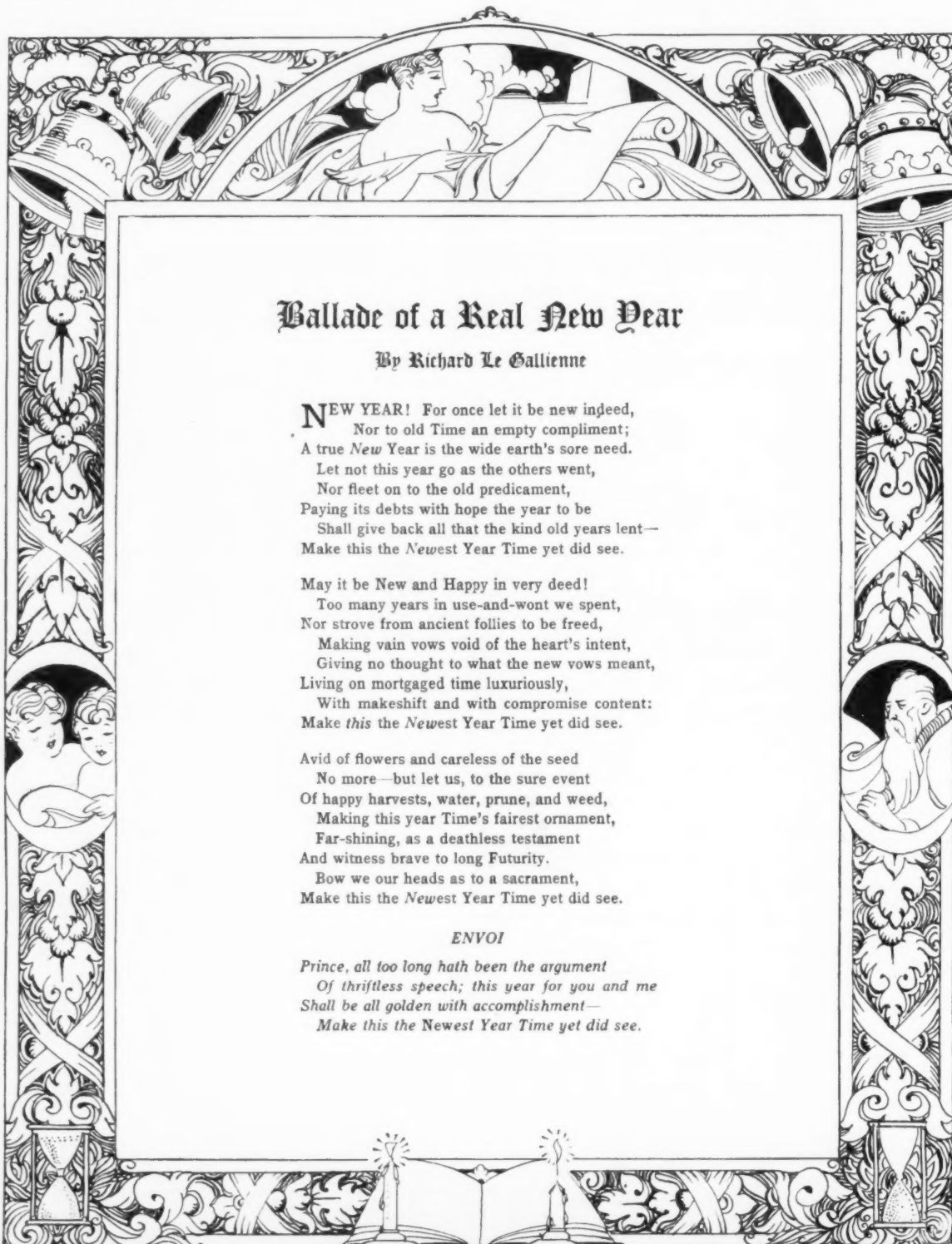
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Ballade of a Real New Year

By Richard Le Gallienne

NEW YEAR! For once let it be new indeed,
Nor to old Time an empty compliment;
A true *New Year* is the wide earth's sore need.
Let not this year go as the others went,
Nor fleet on to the old predicament,
Paying its debts with hope the year to be
Shall give back all that the kind old years lent—
Make this the *Newest Year Time* yet did see.

May it be New and Happy in very deed!
Too many years in use-and-wont we spent,
Nor strove from ancient follies to be freed,
Making vain vows void of the heart's intent,
Giving no thought to what the new vows meant,
Living on mortgaged time luxuriously,
With makeshift and with compromise content:
Make *this* the *Newest Year Time* yet did see.

Avid of flowers and careless of the seed
No more—but let us, to the sure event
Of happy harvests, water, prune, and weed,
Making this year Time's fairest ornament,
Far-shining, as a deathless testament
And witness brave to long Futurity.
Bow we our heads as to a sacrament,
Make this the *Newest Year Time* yet did see.

ENVOI

Prince, all too long hath been the argument
Of thriftless speech; this year for you and me
Shall be all golden with accomplishment—
Make this the *Newest Year Time* yet did see.

Peace, f.o.b. Geneva

By William G. Shepherd

A MEXICAN REVOLUTIONIST, in the old Madero days, thrust a brace of revolvers up against the shirts of a pair of gesticulating Chinamen in the town of Torreon and said:

"Are you talking against Madero?"

"No, no!" they responded.

"Are you talking in favor of him?"

The Chinamen, not knowing whether the Mexican was a Maderista, were cautious.

"No. We weren't talking in favor of him," they answered.

"What were you doing then?" asked the Mexican.

"We were only talking about him."

It is with this same Chinese caution that the writer, in this article, discusses the League of Nations. And, come to think of it, it is not even the League of Nations that he will describe, but only its general office building and the machinery in operation there, in the beautiful Swiss town of Geneva. This article is not a brief either for or against the League; let that be plainly understood.

Two years ago the writer was a visitor at Geneva. A group of business men, as snappy in their boasting as the boosting committee of any Rotary Club, showed him over the site which the Genevans hoped would be the home of the League of Nations. Beautiful lands they had to display; apple orchards that must come down to make way for the League; old barns and ancient farm-houses that must be razed; two chicken-farms that must be moved. Here was to be a great field where the Zeppelin liners from all over the world would land with their statesmen-passengers. Here on the water front was to be a harbor for sea-going aeroplanes, couriers from the ends of the earth. Here, on these acres, were to stand dozens of heaven-kissing steel spires over which the officials of the League of Nations could whisper to all the capitals of the world and hear appeals from every quarter of the hemispheres. Here were to be great palaces, one perhaps for each nation on earth. Hard-headed as they were, those Geneva business men were not behind the rest of the world in dreaming big dreams. Only their dreams would have brought Geneva gold.

It all ended with the nations in the League buying a hotel building on the lake front. And this hotel, the old National, houses the general offices of the League of Nations. It cost \$1,000,000. There was a great ado about the sale. The owners feared the League of Nations was not a corporate body, as it wasn't. They didn't know whether its promise to pay would be any too good in the courts. The whole thing was settled, it is said, by collecting \$1,000,000 in cash from among the nations and turning it over in a lump. That \$1,000,000 talked; sounded like a "grand Amen" in fifty-seven languages. And the secretariat of the League of Nations moved in.

To Our Readers

OWING to a disagreement between employers and employees in the photo-engraving industry of New York in which the men are endeavoring to maintain the "peak" wages of the period following the war and refuse to accept any reduction in wage scale, this issue of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** is lacking its full quota of illustrations. We beg the reader's indulgence during this industrial dispute in which this magazine plays the painful role of the innocent bystander.

Go there to-day to the National Hotel in Geneva and, for all you know, you are in the general offices of a railroad or the business offices of some great manufacturing concern. Typewriters are clicking in the 200 rooms; clerks run here and there carrying papers; messenger boys run in and out and somehow you get the impression that something, whatever it is, is being done.

A busy little white-haired man popped into the garden of the hotel one day last summer, went up to the first man he saw and said, in good, plain American:

"I've got only thirty-five minutes in this town. I want to see the League of Nations. I'm just stopping off between trains."

To his astonishment the man responded in the best of American:

"Come right in. I'll show you around in a jiffy."

They entered the marble hallway.

"How many folks you got working here?" asked the little man.

"About 400, I think," answered the guide.

"How many rooms?"

"About 200."

"How many floors?"

"Four."

"All for the League of Nations?"

"Yes, all for the Secretariat of the League."

"Say, young man," said the visitor.

"If the League of Nations has gone this far it's going to be a great success. Do you see that little black bag there?" He pointed to a battered traveling bag.

"Yes," said the young man.

"Well, twenty-five years ago that bag used to be the general offices of the American Anti-Saloon League. If the start

you fellows have got means anything you're going to be a great success."

The visitor was Howard Russell, of Oberlin University, founder of the Anti-Saloon League.

American tourists make it a point to "drop in on the League." They are invariably astonished to discover that half a dozen and more Americans hold important positions in the secretariat, sit in the big offices and hold great responsibilities.

"How do you Americans get in the League of Nations?" the visitors invariably ask.

"We're not in the League of Nations. We're only employees in the general offices of the League of Nations," is the response.

The visitors invariably want to be shown around. This building, with its hurrying, busy clerks and officials, is the first concrete demonstration of the League of Nations that the visitors have ever known. The League has been only newspaper talk, a matter of politics, a theory, a good idea or a bad idea, in the visitor's mind up to now. But this office is something they can understand.

In one office they see Japanese at work; in another Swedes; in another South Americans; in another Dutchmen; in another Italians. If they trot around sufficiently they may see the representatives of fifty-one nations at work here. By the time a visitor has seen men of a dozen nationalities in their offices, the average American tourist says:

"Oh, well, if it's like this, America ought to go into the League." His statement is based on nothing but an impression gained by the concrete things he can see and hear.

A discouraged American salesman who had been through the countries of Europe trying to make sales, turned up at the Geneva building one day on a sight-seeing tour. He fell into the hands of one of the American officials.

"Business is terrible," he complained. "In Rome business men talk in terms of \$100. In France they talk in terms of \$200. In Germany it is \$50. All cootie orders."

"How much did this League of Nations building cost?" the salesman asked.

"One million dollars," answered his host.

"And how much does it cost to run the business every year?"

"The nation's chip is \$4,000,000."

"My God!" answered the salesman.

"This is the biggest business I've run across in Europe. And I thought the League of Nations was a failure."

It doesn't take an American long to feel at home in the League of Nations general offices; the positions which are held by Americans in the League of Nations machinery are important ones and place them in evidence.

This is how, in the main, they got their jobs:

When it seemed sure to the statesmen of the world that all the great nations would go into the League, they elected Sir Eric Drummond, of London, to act as secretary-general of the general offices of the League, and then each statesman of the five great powers appointed an under-secretary for his nation. Woodrow Wilson named Raymond B. Fosdick as under-secretary for the United States. Fosdick's job was to secure a certain number of effective, efficient men who could do America's share of work in the secretariat. Fosdick had two sources of supply: the hand-picked men who had come over to Paris with Wilson as experts, assistants or clerks of the Peace Mission, and the personnel of the A. E. F. He drew on both sources, for a score or more of men. And he got good ones. If you don't believe it you have only to go to Geneva and find almost a dozen of these men still in their jobs. Fosdick has gone, because the United States is not in the League, but here are the men.

Down at the main entrance there's Martin Gibbs, who handles the mail boxes. Each nation has its own box; there are fifty-one national boxes, with many more for important officials. Gibbs went over to Europe to fight and he hasn't got home yet. He was taken from the A. E. F. to do "heavy work" for Fosdick's staff of Americans and somehow this mail job for the League of Nations came his way. They say that Gibbs, if he weren't so busy, would have the best chance in the world to become the world's champion postage-stamp expert. Gibbs makes the Americans feel at home right away, even though he doesn't see many American stamps on the letters that pass through his hands.

IN THE strange international mixture of officials that handles the Saar Valley and Danzig regions you find Huntington Gilchrist, an American who was on the general staff of the A. E. F. He is the second man in the administrative commission section. This section has charge of certain districts which the Paris Conference set aside as being under the care of the League of Nations. These districts include the Saar Valley with 700,000 inhabitants and Danzig with 150,000. Gilchrist has been serving as a sort of *liaison* officer between a special commission which controls the Saar Basin and the League of Nations Council.

Ex-Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg, is on the Saar Commission; with him are Count von Moltke, a Dane; Mr. Rault, a Frenchman; a Belgian official and a Saar Valley citizen. If anything goes wrong in the Saar, this commission communicates the problem to the American, Gilchrist. It is the duty of Mr. Gilchrist to put the case in presentable form and confer on it with Erik Colban, the Norwegian chief of the administrative commission. Having prepared the matter in complete form and assembled all the facts, history, information, laws, etc., the affair is turned over to an Englishman, Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General. But Secretary-General Drummond has no power to pass on the right or wrong of the matter. His duty is to put the entire thing in shape and present it to Wellington Koo, a Chinaman. The Council has

made it one of Koo's duties to keep his eye on the Saar and report its problems to the Council. This Council is like a board of directors of the entire great business plant. It consists of one Frenchman, one Englishman, one Italian and one Japanese, as representatives of the four great powers, and of four other men, representing the lesser powers in the League; the nationalities of the last four vary from year to year, as the Council meets yearly on the first Monday in September.

Gilchrist's task in preparing the Saar and Danzig questions for the great international Council is a big and important one.

AN AMERICAN from North Dakota has also had a great deal to do with turning the wheels of the Geneva machinery. Imagine the job of hiring and firing stenographers in this pan-lingual general office building! Howard R. Huston has it. Mr. Huston got to Europe, from North Dakota, by way of the A. E. F. He has won his way to the title of "director of internal service." There's nothing unimportant about his job. When the League of Nations needed a roof over its head it was this American, Huston, who, with the approval of the League officials, initiated the effort to buy the National Hotel.

The first business deal that the League of Nations ever entered was for the purchase of this hotel. As I have said previously, the owners were afraid that the League was not a corporate body; there was no other organization like it under the sun; no one had ever before attempted to do business with such a vague and intangible association. Huston's difficulties were almost insurmountable. But he found another American who helped him out.

Manly Hudson, Professor of Law at Harvard University, a resident of St. Louis, attended the Paris Peace Conference as a member of Wilson's legal staff. As an expert on international law, Professor Hudson was drafted into the League of Nations organization. With all his knowledge of international law, Professor Hudson possessed also a full and complete knowledge of common law and has, in addition, a characteristic American resourcefulness. In some way he persuaded the cautious Swiss that the League of Nations could be trusted and that it had the right to use funds for purchasing the National Hotel. With this assurance the Swiss pocketed the League of Nations money and, in some way, Professor Hudson, acting as adviser to Huston, prepared papers which were satisfactory to everybody concerned.

It goes down in the history of the League of Nations, therefore, that a pair of Americans bought the League's first home.

And still another lawyer from St. Louis has played his part at Geneva. John R. Green has acted as secretary of a commission which has secretarial charge of all amendments to the Covenant of the League of Nations. There have been over twenty amendments to the famous Covenant since its adoption. If the contested Article Ten of the Covenant had been amended, or if offers for its amend-

ment had been made, the documents would have passed through the hands of the commission of which Mr. Green has acted as secretary.

The information section of the League of Nations' general offices is one of the most important bureaus. It must gather from every possible source in the world all information that exists on any subject that is likely to come before the Council of the League or before the Assembly. Language must not be a barrier. Arthur Sweetser, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, is the assistant director of the information section. His job is that of a glorified news reporter as well as gatherer of information.

In the general offices committees of the Assembly of the League of Nations are in almost constant session. Opium and the international transportation of drugs is under constant discussion by sub-committees. The question of white slavery, which, it is believed, can be controlled by a strict watch of borders, is a matter which is continually being discussed and adjusted. Other committees which meet almost continuously at Geneva have to do with international transportation, the exchange of railroad cars between nations, the fight against typhus in Middle Europe. One of the busiest committees has been engaged in ferreting through Turkish harems to discover and set free women and children seized by the Turks during the war. The information department of the League offices at Geneva, with which Sweetser is connected, is supplying these committees and many others with all the information it can secure on subjects under consideration.

AT THIS writing W. W. Peet, an American, who has acted as missionary in Turkey for many years, has been offered the position of commissioner of the Council of the League of Nations at Constantinople. Upon acceptance of the office Mr. Peet would assume a rank similar to that of ambassador and one of his duties would be to rescue non-Turkish women from the harems of Turkey.

American women, too, have important positions in the League's general offices. Miss Florence Wilson, who went to Paris from the New York Public Library to act as Librarian to the Wilson Mission, is Acting Librarian for the League of Nations. Miss Florence Kellar and Miss Helen Bartlett, both of New York, have assisted Miss Wilson in receiving and arranging many thousands of volumes in all languages which are being collected for the League of Nations library. Books in tens of different languages reach the Geneva library and must be sifted out for proper classification. In view of the fact that the American Bible Society has found 129 languages and dialects into which the Bible has been translated, the young ladies who are acting as librarians at Geneva are likely to run against a snag almost any day.

The International Labor Department of the League of Nations is gathering all possible statistics on labor throughout the world. Royal Meeker, of Washington, D. C., a noted labor statistician, has been employed in this bureau in the League's offices, and he deals in figures that have

(Concluded on page 100)

The Safety Valve

By Scammon Lockwood

Illustrated by P. V. E. Ivory

IF YOU never had a sudden impulse to steal an automobile—a car left carelessly unlocked, we will say, with key in switch or engine running at the curb right under your very nose—why then you may not be particularly interested in Lucile Gresham's case. But if you have—and psychologists tell us that then you are much in the majority—you'll be interested. You have what the ultra-sophisticated call a "crime complex"; you like to read about crime, the exploits of clever men and women who more or less successfully defy the law thrill you strangely. It is not altogether impossible that you would be a criminal yourself if these vicarious ventures into law-breaking were denied you. And what a clever rogue you could be! What child's play it would be to burglarize Jones's house! And just set your mind to it now, isn't it true that you know of a way that any clever man—if he were not honest—could get away with \$100,000 or so? Yes, most of us have a touch of this so-called crime complex. But we get rid of it easily by reading "Raffles" or going to the movies and seeing the gentlemanly crook outwit the brutal sheriff and turn out to be a hero after all and well worthy of the girl. We commit crime vicariously, or through some one else. And it seems to do us just as much good as if we did it ourselves—and certainly far less harm.

Crime stories, crime plays and crime movies are so popular because each one of us has more or less of the criminal in us; we identify ourselves with the criminal in the story or play or film and so get rid of our criminal impulse without harming anybody. The Greeks know something of this. They wrote about the Katharsis of tragedy: They understood how the spectator at, we will say, a performance of *Edipus Rex* had his mind cleansed and purified of those complexes which interfered with its normal functioning. Tragedy, merely another name for crime story, was more than an amusement with them; it was an emotional purgative. Some modern psychologists of the Freudian school even go further than this and say that the author who writes crime stories is thus ridding himself of impulses which might otherwise make him an undesirable member of society. The idea seems to be that, just as matter is indestructible, so in the realm of the mind, nothing is ever lost and a thing suppressed will some day find some sort of an outlet,

HAVE you ever wanted to steal an automobile? Possibly you have; most probably you haven't. But, in either case, the new serial that starts herewith will fascinate you. It revolves around an extraordinary psychological problem as arresting as that in "*The Witching Hour*." It is full of action, mystery, thrills and romance, and promises to be one of the best serials of the year. Mr. Lockwood, who wrote it, is widely known as the author of "*De Luxe Annie*," "*The Girl Who Slept in Bryant Park*," "*What Happened in Buffalo*," "*One Kiss in Paradise*," "*One Manhattan Hour*" and many other successful magazine stories. Start "*The Safety Valve*" now and you won't want to miss a line of it; when you finish it you'll be glad you started.

All of which has much to do with Lucile. So now let us consider one peculiar habit of that young lady. Whenever she walked north from Thirty-fourth on Fifth Avenue, she always walked on the east side of the street and when she reached Baldrick's she always went in by the south entrance, strolled through and came out again by the north door, at the same time automatically glancing at the big clock over the cashier's desk and comparing the time it indicated with her little jeweled wrist watch. She didn't really care much about checking up on the performance of her watch. Often, if there were a discrepancy of five or ten minutes she neglected to correct it. This almost entirely subconscious comparison was a little bit of acting. Lucile fancied that it said to the clerks of the great jewelry store, "Thank you, I just dropped in to get the correct time." She did not realize that she had been guilty of this same apparently harmless insincerity so often that everybody in the store, clerks, watchful detectives, cashier, floor-walker, doorman, knew her as well as they knew any one of the store's best customers.

She had done all this for several years and yet she was entirely unconscious of doing it at all. The explanation was probably quite simple. The jewels, the polished plate, the beautiful and costly bronzes, yes, the whole atmosphere of the place doubtless fascinated her just as the gowns and slippers and laces and silks and hats and lingerie in the windows along the avenue fascinated the average woman. She felt an actual spiritual elation at the mere thought of nearness to these rare and wonderful objects. True, she had been born and brought up in an atmosphere of moderate ease. But this was something more than mere ease or even luxury. These jewels seemed to talk to her of romance and adventure. The pearls told

of storms on the Indian Ocean, frail craft typhoon-driven in the Malay Archipelago, glistening black divers battling with sharks for the petrified excrement of an oyster; smugglers, thieves, a shot in the dark, a mutilated carcass flung in the sea, a man selling his soul that he might buy the body of a woman; diamonds, black Kaffirs of Kimberly, lapidaries of Amsterdam, rajahs of India; rubies, sapphires—all the varied color and prismatic light of these gems suggested the very opulence of all romance. From them she had always gotten mental stimulus for those ingenious stories

which had made her well known to editors and motion picture producers and at least slightly known to the general public.

Among her friends in society, these stories of Lucile's were regarded with feelings decidedly mixed. Some people liked them, but thought that they ought not to approve of them and others approved of them, but did not think they ought to like them. Society quite generally looks with suspicion upon any activities among its members which bring them either money or prominence. It is all right to be terrifically busy collecting funds for a hospital or engineering a drive in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., but to earn money even by the honored occupation of writing, sets you down a peg or two. Of course, it isn't so bad if you don't need the money and so Lucile's case was not entirely hopeless; she didn't need the money, but she did need the excitement, or, if you will permit a most hackneyed phrase, the self-expression of writing and seeing her own work in print.

And it was a matter concerning these same stories which had brought her to town on this moist November afternoon. The editor of *Popular Progress* magazine had written asking if she couldn't drop in to see him sometime soon and Lucile had just come from this interview. It had been rather unsatisfactory. He had on his desk the manuscript of a story she had recently submitted.

"I can't use this," he had said, "and because I know you are capable of work so much better I have wanted to talk to you."

"What seems wrong with the story?" "It just lacks convincingness. I don't believe it. No one cares for a story that he doesn't believe. Did you believe this story when you wrote it?"

"I'm afraid not," she had responded. "Now, those Miss Captain Kidd

stories—" he began, but she stopped him by a gloved gesture.

"Oh, please! I hear that on all sides."

"Then you realize that this is not up to your former work?"

"Perfectly, and it has actually affected my health. It's no use, I can't seem to write any more. Where formerly writing was my greatest joy and relaxation, now it is worse labor than washing dishes or sewing on buttons twelve hours a day in some Hoboken sweat shop."

"You ought to see your doctor."

"I have seen her, several times. She frankly confesses that she is puzzled. She says I am a neurotic."

The editor laughed, not unkindly. "All people who write are neurotic," he said. "I guess you'll just have to wait until it comes back to you. But keep hunting. And keep working; you know it is the work you do blindly, doggedly, when you cannot see anything ahead, that gets you along and teaches you to do the real work later on."

"Yes," said Lucile, "I suppose that's one of the first things we learn when we try to write and yet that knowledge never makes the work any easier, does it?"

The editor smiled. "No, there is no escaping the drudgery," and he turned to the manuscripts on his desk.

Somewhat depressed, Lucile had then met her fiancé, Durand Hathaway. They had tea together, but it had been a mournful occasion. He didn't like her new suit. He hadn't actually said so, but Lucile knew. In fact, she had known when she got it that he wouldn't entirely approve. Like many of the unimaginative men that highly keyed women love with an intensity that baffles them utterly, he was strongly inclined to conservatism. She knew that her skirt was altogether too short and much too tight for Durand's fiancée. And the sheer silk stockings and high-heeled French shoes made the picture she presented of an extremely chic young woman much too perfect. Lucile did not belong to that older aristocracy of New York which shuns publicity as a plague and in which a certain expensive dowdiness is the very laborum of its order. She was of the younger set, which, without really knowing it, allowed the stage to set its fashions. All the girls she knew dressed more or less conspicuously. That is, you could notice them even on Fifth Avenue and off Fifth Avenue it was almost dangerous for them to venture. Lucile enjoyed wearing the attractive and noticeable. One could hardly blame her. She looked so well in extreme things. She was slender with small hands and feet, good features and complexion and a pretty, alert way with her. But it wasn't the consciousness of looking well that gave her a thrill, it was the fact that she was doing something a bit daring. She liked to dare.

But, of course, all that was beyond Durand. He was a man with a position to maintain. His father was the famous Myron Hathaway, who had been called before the United States Senate to tell its members a number of things about modern banking. Down around Wall Street people pointed after the elder Hathaway, nudged each other and whispered his name. "See that old bird there with the gray side whiskers?" they would say, pointing after

Myron's tall, erect figure as he was, perhaps, hurrying from his own office to the Morgan Building or around to the Standard Oil citadel at 26 Broadway, "Well, that's Myron Hathaway!" And the person addressed would stare and gape and wonder how it felt to be a person of such prominence. City editors always sent reporters over to Hathaway's office for an opinion whenever a matter of banking or finance was before the public. So he was the conservative representative of a conservative profession and he expected his son to be conservative and marry a conservative wife and have a conservative number of children. And Durand was quite of his father's mind in most of these matters. It is true that his engagement to Lucile Gresham had not been enthusiastically endorsed. Lucile's father, Dexter Gresham, was not considered a man of impregnable position. His magazine was slightly tinted with yellow and his financial methods not based on the soundest ethics. Durand had not succeeded in convincing his father that Lucile need not necessarily inherit either the saffron-hued political economy or the financial irregularities of her father. Naturally, he was unusually anxious for Lucile to conduct herself in an ultra-conservative manner at all times. The matter of bobbed hair alone will, perhaps, project a beam of light for us into the minds of Durand and his father. When Lucile first had hers cut, they thought it too extreme and then almost overnight they thought it too common. Durand always felt more than vaguely disturbed when he saw that people looked at Lucile on the street and then looked again. It was all right for them to look once, but the second look was the one to which Durand objected. And it was this second look, vaguely understood, even though never observed by the elder Mr. Hathaway, which justified him, he felt, in withholding his consent to the engagement. He had not absolutely forbidden it, but he had carefully refrained from any evidences of approval. Lucile understood all this quite clearly, yet somehow she kept hoping against hope that Durand and his father would change. Without any possible reason for expecting it, she hoped that Durand would like the suit she was wearing. She had gaily extended her arms and half turned with her head thrown back and poised herself on the ball of one foot as if in the middle of a fox-trot and gaily exclaimed, "How do you like me as a fresh breeze from the Faubourg Saint Germain?"

He didn't criticize—he never did—but the withholding of praise was his criticism. "No one could overlook you," he had replied. "You radiate insistence."

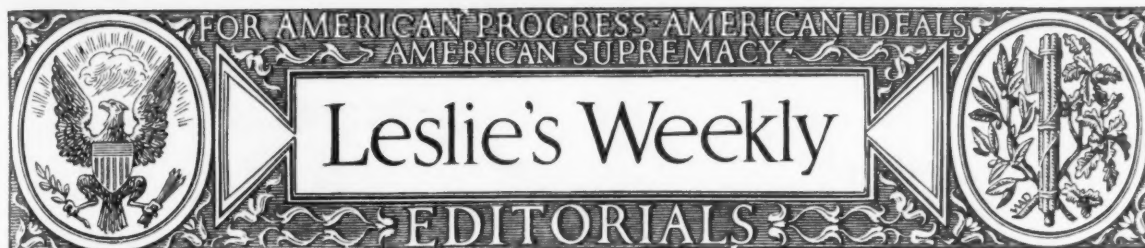
And then he had hurried her off to a corner of the Van Buskirk tea-room, where he managed to conceal her completely. He had even made some excuse about a lame ankle to avoid dancing and the afternoon had been a complete failure. He tried to get her into a taxicab to take her to the train for Westbury, but she had made the excuse that she was going to meet a friend and so escaped. Somehow, although she loved him intensely, she did not want to be with him just then and she felt that he should be satisfied with the fact that he was coming to dinner.

She was entitled to a few more moments of daring in her new raiment.

So, all in all, Lucile felt restless, vaguely unhappy, as she automatically went through her short ritual in the great jewel store. Yet, it did not bring to her the spiritual peace it usually bestowed. She was like some religious enthusiast who had lost faith, but, merely from force of habit, still went through the forms of devotion. Where formerly she would emerge from the store with quickened pulse and heightened color, now she was tired, apathetic and yet, strange paradox, restless and dissatisfied. As she came out of the door, she halted hesitating on the corner. A fine drizzle was falling, coating the asphalt of the street and the stone of the sidewalk with a lustrous lacquer in which were brilliantly reflected the red tail-lights of the crowding automobiles, the varied beams of their headlights, the illuminated shop windows and the huge, omnipotent eye of the Thirty-eighth Street traffic tower, ordering all movement along the world's most famous thoroughfare by cyclopean winks of red and yellow and green. On this enameled surface, traffic officers stood riveted to their reflections; along it motors and pedestrians seemed to convoy their inverted duplicates. The early evening world of Fifth Avenue was varnished like a Manchurian screen, glowing with color and pulsing with the vitality of riches.

And on the corner Lucile stood for a moment hesitant, undecided and all un-mindful of the penetrating and all-pervading drizzle. She glanced down Thirty-seventh Street in the direction of Park Avenue. A solitary automobile was parked at the curb, perhaps 100 feet from the intersection of Fifth Avenue. It was an ordinary Challenge-Six touring car, painted a conservative and very much faded dark olive green, but like all other objects that evening, it reflected the lights of the street and so furnished strong contrast of high lights against dark and somber masses. It was closely curtained like a man muffled to the ears in a raincoat and sou'wester. Something about the general contour of this vehicle attracted Lucile's idle attention and she walked toward it. As she approached she saw two men come out of the freight entrance of the Baldrick Building, carrying a satchel between them. The men carried it across the sidewalk and dropped it with a thud beside the car, while one of them undid the clumsy curtains and clambered in. Then Lucile could see the white of an out-thrust hand as the other lifted the satchel and it was drawn into the body of the car. It was all a very simple proceeding, yet Lucile found herself strangely in the grip of romance. She was Ali Baba watching the robbers store their loot in the cave. Then, suddenly she was Jonathan Wild, crouching behind a hawthorn bush on that lonely road along which, after two centuries, his ghost still stalks and orders countrymen, slightly sprung because of an evening at the Hope-worth Arms, to stand and deliver. The machinery designed to raise the primordial spines along her back functioned perfectly. In 10,000 years of idleness it had not altered or deteriorated. What did it matter that the spines themselves were

(Continued on page 104)



The Consortium

IT MAY be that in the interim between the writing of this and its publication, the United States will have replied definitely to the invitation to enter the consortium which would rehabilitate Europe. Meanwhile **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** wishes to approve its acceptance "in principle." The financial and industrial rehabilitation of Europe is of immediate and direct concern to every American citizen, affecting the size of his pay envelope, the price he pays for the things that make life worth living and the future of his children. Logically he should have a voice through his accredited representatives in directing its progress.

During the course of the Arms Conference it must have become evident to every informed American that no settlement of any consequence can be reached in one part of the civilized world without involving similarly far reaching settlements elsewhere. It is the European situation, political, economic and financial, for example, that is responsible for the controversy over the submarine. If we, as a nation, are interested in the one, we are interested in the other.

Another thing; two successive Administrations have approved the entrance of American bankers into the China consortium. Is China, then, so much more worthy of our co-operation than Europe?

Try This in Your Town

WERE you ever on the top of Pike's Peak? It is about 14,500 feet up in the air and some people, in spite of motors and cog railways, find the ascent difficult. The plateau on which the Tibetans live—it is ten times as big as England—is all of it as high or higher than Pike's Peak, and the mountains round about slope up to nearly 25,000 feet. Kipling, in "Kim," spoke of it as being like a swallow's nest under the eaves of the Roof of the World—"Kim threw his soul after his eye across the deep blue gulfs." . . .

It is still a mysterious land, and until a few years ago almost an unknown one. The Newark (N. J.) Public Library has just held an exhibit of all sort of things Tibetan—things brought together through the happy conjunction of a missionary of unusual experiences and the museum staff—and this exhibit is supplemented with pamphlets and pictures tending to make it more understandable and interesting. This is a typical example of the work of the Newark library under its unusual chief, John Cotton Dana. A few years ago there was a similar exhibit of Colombian things—Colombia being another interesting and inaccessible land.

Director Dana believes that a library should "sell" itself to business men and not restrict its activities to young lady readers of fiction, children and unoccupied old gentlemen. It should be a real constructive force in the everyday life of the community and not a mere

collection of books and a lounging place. The Newark library is pretty well known among librarians about the country, but the sort of work it does is not imitated as generally as it might well be.

Let's Be Neighborly!

MEXICO bought four times as much from the United States in 1912-13 as she bought from any other country. She sold to us over seven times as much as to any other country. In spite of Mexican distrust, and Yankee bumptiousness and ignorance of the Mexican point of view, the mutual economic interests of the two neighbors are so interrelated that no political propaganda can outweigh them.

The arguments for a cordial understanding are so strong that it would appear almost incredible that those in any position to assist such an understanding should disregard them. But something more than official action is necessary. Americans must get over their provincialism, at least enough to meet Mexicans with some approach to the courtesy with which Spanish Americans are accustomed to meet and be met; and Mexicans must get over their anti-foreign nervousness sufficiently to realize how much they are in need of foreign help and to treat those who do help them with more appreciation.

As a starter to this better understanding, Americans might well undertake in Mexico—a field close at hand—some of those philanthropic activities which are receiving such splendid support in the Far East and Near East. Bad sanitation, poor educational facilities, and similar socially disadvantageous conditions in Mexico have not as yet stirred the interest of Americans as they should have done.

Not mere altruism but practical political sense demands this. The United States needs a strong, healthy, contented, independent Mexico. Such a neighbor would be better for us in every way than any sort of discontented protectorate or still more hostile province.

We Are Social Folk

OUR foreign guests officially exercised our social instincts. We blew the trumpets, washed our faces and set the table as if we were born to keep a hotel. The simplicity and the friendliness with which we welcomed the visiting chieftains and diplomats were as easy as if we were bringing home a bunch of old college chums to dinner.

We may be little in some things, but we are vast in hospitality. This lavishness of good will may be inherited from the pioneers—or the bar-room age—or it may be polished by the automobile epoch. It is certain that the influx to the Conference has given it impetus, and as our acquaintance widens and our furniture becomes more ornate, we will become the grandest mixers since Lucullus started feasting.

"QUITS"

By ROSS SANTEE

*"We were gathering horses
for the fall work."*



*"The old bronk downed
his head and pitched
straight for the fence."*

THEY never spoke, and all winter they had been range branding together. They slept in the same tepee. But Bill cooked his own meals and wrangled his own horses. Bob did the same. Occasionally they came to headquarters for chuck. Once they came together. Bill was out of flour, and Bob wanted some number two shoes for old "Blue Dog," his pet horse. They stayed all night at the ranch house and pulled out together in the morning, each leading his own pack mule.

Each kept his own calf tally. When Bill branded a calf he strung one of the calves' ears on a wire. Bob strung his on a separate wire, but both wires hung on the same tree. Their tally never varied much. They left camp about the same time in the morning. If Bill rode north, Bob went south, and they seldom met except at sundown. Bob was the best roper and usually got to camp first, but by riding late Bill brought in as many ears as Bob.

Except for old "Sooner," the dog, they were alone. He was a triffin' hound. He had come to their camp one night so poor and sore-footed he could hardly walk. He played no favorites at first. Both punchers fed him. One morning he followed Bob off. After that Bill never fed him again, or let him lie on his bed. And it was old "Sooner" who came near causing serious trouble. Bill came in late one evening with five ears in the pocket of his chaps. In the morning when he went to string them on his wire three of them were gone. He looked at Bob's tally, and then at Bob. Then he went inside for his gun. As he came out of the tepee he was just in time to see old "Sooner" swallow the two remaining ears he had thrown to the

ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR

ground. Without speaking Bob took five ears from his tally and slowly tossed them to the dog. After old "Sooner" had swallowed the last one, he mounted and rode north with old "Sooner" at his heels. Bill shod a pony and some time later he pulled out in the opposite direction.

It was dark when Bill got into camp that night. Bob wasn't there. Bill tied up a night horse and cooked supper. A little later he hung up the beef and went to bed. But somehow he couldn't sleep, and once he thought he heard a dog howling off toward the north. He pulled on his boots and saddled the night horse. Then he sat on his heels and waited, for the moon would be up in an hour. It was still black in the canyon when Bill started, but by the time he topped out on the mesa, it was almost as light as day. The coyotes were yelping on all sides, but every little while Bill stopped and listened. Then away to the north he heard it again—the mournful howling of a lonely dog.

Old "Sooner" growled when Bill rode up. The horse was dead. Pinned under him with a busted leg was Bob all white and still. Bill cut away the boot, and somehow carried him into camp that night. The next day he brought him on to the ranch. The rest of the outfit did what they could to make him easy. Bill waited on him like a woman, and it was Bill who carried him gently to the car when they finally started for town. But they didn't speak.

A year slipped by before I saw them again. We were gathering horses for the fall work. For a week the punchers had been stringing in from their line camps. The night before we pulled out for Back River they rode in together with old "Sooner" at Bob's heels. The three of us were on wrangle together. They had plenty to say to me, but the way they ignored each other was something I couldn't savy. One morning while Bob and I were alone at the holdup I couldn't hold in any longer. "What's the matter with Bill?" I said. "Nothin'," says Bob,

"only I don't like him." A few days later I spoke to Bill. "Ain't nothin' the matter," he says, "cept we don't hitch." I couldn't understand nor could the rest of the punchers. There had been no trouble between them. It had been funny to the outfit at first. But now we wondered why in the world Bob didn't quit, for Bill had acted white that night on the mesa.

Six weeks on the mountain. Moving camp every few days, which kept the pack animals busy. We came down with the herd in October. Except for a few crippled horses, nothing much happened until we started to work the lower range. Then the broncho fighter quit. Everyone was short on horses, so the foreman divided up his mount. Bill wasn't much of a twister and uncocked his bronk in the corral. The bronk trotted around the corral a few times like an old horse. Then they opened the gate. But as they came

out old "Sooner" jumped and looked. The old bronk downed his head and pitched straight for the fence. Bawling like a steer. Four of them started to head him, but Bob was the first one there. The others went on the outside, but Bob took the fence. They went down in a heap together. Bill and the bronk wasn't scratched. But Bob and old Blue Dog didn't get up. It was the old leg again.

They carried Bob into the ranch house. The only time he flinched was when we heard a shot, and he knew they had finished old Blue Dog. We packed his leg in moss and made him as easy as we could for the long ride to town. A little later Bill came in. They didn't speak until they were alone. But as I passed the open window, on the way to the spring I heard Bob say: "This squares me for that night on the mesa. Now we're quits again."



"Moving camp every few days, which kept the pack animals busy."

Is It Chiro-Quack-tic?

III. Chiropractic Schools

By Severance Johnson

CHIROPRACTIC schools campaign for students with the same aggressiveness as their graduates campaign for patients. They utilize all the methods of publicity to get business and apparently they get it. Chiropractic schools have been springing up in all directions. Most of them are crowded.

In States like New York and California, where the chiropractor is an outlaw, where his vocation has not been legally recognized and he is always in danger of arrest and prosecution, the chiropractic schools seem to multiply faster and evidence more prosperity than almost anywhere else. And accordingly they give as much chiropractic training as they please and turn out an exceedingly varied array of practitioners.

Better educated chiropractors admit that there have been many sham schools, organized much like wild cat mining companies, which have produced chiropractors who know hardly more about anatomy or physiology than their names.

"Fake chiropractors have been produced in large numbers by bogus schools, which for a mere song and in a few weeks' time, even by correspondence, succeed in exploiting the public at the expense and to the detriment of the noblest science ever presented to the world," said E. Du Val, head of the Canadian Chiropractic College in Hamilton, Ont., according to the report of Justice Frank E. Hodgins of the Supreme Court of Toronto, who conducted a searching investigation of chiropractic in both Canada and the United States.

"And owing to this," continued Mr. Du Val, "and in self-defense, genuine schools have been compelled to maintain a minimum course at a minimum cost to sustain themselves and protect the science.

"We place some of the blame on the authorities of both the United States and Canada, who, through the instigation of the older professions, which hold a monopoly of administering to the sick, did not investigate the science of chiropractic sooner and afford it the proper protection to keep it pure and unadulterated, and defend it against its intrinsic enemies, the grafters.

The biggest and most influential chiropractic schools are run on strictly commercial lines. Some are veritable gold mines. The great Palmer school, "The Fountain Head of Chiropractic," now

numbers more than 2,000 pupils, from whom the revenue in tuitions, books and other incidentals is estimated between \$600,000 and \$800,000 a year. To this huge sum should also be added the income from chiropractic literature and publicity service; which the "Fountain Head" pours forth in an ever swelling

flood. In the school's latest Announcement there is a page of pictures of its presses, which it calls, "The Prettiest Printing Plant in the World."

The New York College of Chiropractic, the largest in New York City, graduated 120 in its class of 1921, and predicts it will more than double this output two years from now. Its tuition is "\$450 cash at time of matriculation, or \$500 on time payment." The course covers twenty-one consecutive months. The school is so prosperous that its president, M. Carnot, said to the writer: "We have outgrown this building already and must move to a bigger place."

Every known advertising medium is utilized by the chiropractic schoolmasters to fill the class-rooms. Nearly all print periodicals which they fill with propaganda, and distribute broadcast for the purpose of getting more students. For example, the Mecca College, of Newark, N. J., publishes the *Mecca News*, which in its issue of October 15, 1920, says:

"The Mecca College desires 1,000 students.

"The greatest drive ever made in the chiropractic profession!

"Chiropractors, get together and work with a will. Work as you have never worked before to put this thing over big!

"The school needs the students and the students need the school.

"The public needs the chiropractic doctors."

On page 6 the "terms of courses" were stated. They ran as high as \$650.

Many chiropractic schools are boomed by agents or representatives who call at the homes of prospective students and seek to expedite matters. I know of a case where a man wrote to the Carver Chiropractic Institute in New York City for information concerning its curriculum. Not long afterward a stranger called, who produced the card of a chiropractor having offices in the Bronx, and who explained that he had taken a course at the Carver Institute and found it the best institution of its kind in the country. The visitor said:

"The Palmer School employs the old fashioned, straight thrust by using the heel of the hand. Some others use the 'universal thrust,' which is more complicated. The Carver Institute, however, has a thrust of its own. It is the development of all the others and far superior. Carver was attorney for the elder Palmer. He became so interested in chiropractic that he has spent nearly twenty-six years studying it.

"A lot of chiropractic schools are no good. They turn out men that are a danger to the public."

In front of the New York State Chiropractic College, which looks out upon Union Square, New York, a man was to be found several nights in the week last summer mounted upon a box and holding a backbone in one hand. After pointing to various vertebrae as points where nerves might be "impinged" and cause this or that "disease," he would wave the dangling chain of bones above his head and shout:

"Young man, be a chiropractor. There's no better calling in the world. We need 10,000 more chiropractors this very minute. Think of the sick and suffering people in this country to-night who still are taking poisonous drugs from fool doctors. Well, those fool doctors are going to be thrown out and the chiropractors are going to take their places. So my young man, grasp the opportunity. Be a chiropractor. Go upstairs to the offices of the New York State College of Chiropractic and register."

To those who acted upon the suggestion of the speaker and visited the offices of this school there were given pamphlets from the Palmer printing presses at Davenport, Ia., with the statement:

"Why go to Davenport to study chiropractic? The professors here are all Palmer men. They will teach you the Palmer thrust just as well as B. J. Palmer himself."

And along with the Palmer literature the visitor was presented with a type-written announcement, which read:

"LAST CALL and GRANDEST OPPORTUNITY.

"Dear Student:

"Through a LUCKY ACCIDENT We are enabled to offer our course to the next FIFTY STUDENTS who will matriculate during the month of OCTOBER for the Small Sum of \$250.

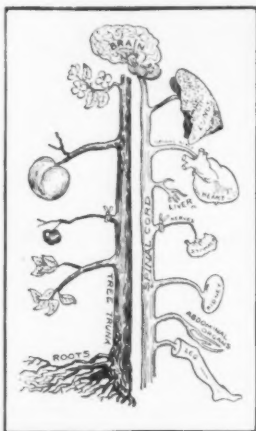
"You cannot afford to let such a wonderful OPPORTUNITY slip by.

"Come in to see us and arrange terms to suit your particular position or circumstances.

"FIRST COME FIRST SERVED!!

"Chiropractically Yours,
"NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF CHIROPRACTIC.

"WE TELL YOU. YOU TELL THE WORLD!"



Facsimile of the chiropractic "Tree of Life" as represented in some of the literature of the cult.

The low educational standards of the chiropractic schools have invited special attack. These schools take practically all who come, no matter what their age or antecedents. Recently some schools have advertised that they desire a high-school education of those who enter, but in practice they hardly ever enforce such a requirement.

"In regard to educational qualifications for enrollment, the writer suggests that you do not allow this question to annoy you, as we hold no entrance examinations," wrote B. J. Palmer's secretary in a letter dated October 19, 1921, to an applicant who had asked if he could enter the Palmer School with only a grammar school education. "Our examinations are confined to the subjects taught throughout the course. Education is a splendid thing to have; and, other things being equal, constitutes a great advantage to those so equipped, but it is not so much the academic work you have had as your close application and what nature has done for you, that makes for success in life.

"As you have doubtless observed among your own acquaintances, it is not always the most highly educated man who achieves the greatest success; and so it is in the science of chiropractic. One with a common school education can readily comprehend the text work providing he applies himself conscientiously to the subjects taught in the class-room."

Correspondence schools of chiropractic accept as students anybody who will write and pay for their charts and printed matter. "The American University," as it styles itself, has offices in Chicago, where it does a regular mail-order business in selling chiropractic to everybody.

"As we have previously stated, any man or woman of average intelligence, who has a common school education, may acquire a thorough, complete and efficient knowledge in the art and science of chiropractic by means of the instruction imparted in the correspondence course in chiropractic of the American University," says its eighth annual catalogue.

"All that is required on the part of the student is a conscientious, persevering study of the lessons, and a faithful observance of the rules of practice given therein. . . .

"Not only is the science of chiropractic more easily acquired than the other forms of healing by reason of being based on common sense, natural principles, which

the mind instinctively grasps and assimilates, but the lessons of the correspondence course in chiropractic of the American University have been carefully prepared by skilled teachers, for the particular purpose of imparting the instruction to those unfamiliar with the subject. . . .

"The field of chiropractic is not overcrowded. The new chiropractor does not have to wait and fight for the crumbs, as does the new drug doctor. On the contrary, the demand for capable chiropractors runs ahead of the supply, and the demand is increasing in a greater ratio than the new supply. The public

"Because of the few who find it impossible to remain in school for more than twelve months, the faculty has arranged to confer upon those who have satisfactorily completed their studies during that time, the degree of D.C., provided they have received grade 'C' or better on all examinations during their first twelve months," says the school's latest "Announcement."

On returning to school a twelve months' student can obtain the final degree of D.C. Ph.C. after eight more months. The graduate then is full fledged.

There are night classes in nearly all chiropractic schools for pupils who work day times. In a city like New York these night classes draw together an extremely varied lot of men and women. In one class visited by the writer there were two barbers, one chauffeur, three automobile repair men, one waiter and two butchers.

One of the most potent arguments used by chiropractic schools to recruit beginners is their appeal to the cupidity of mankind. All emphasize the "big money" that chiropractors can make. They exhibit this golden lure at every angle.

In a little pamphlet entitled, "Acres of Diamonds, Mountains of Gold," issued by the New York College of Chiropractic, may be found these sentences:

"With the opening of the twentieth century, a new gold and diamond mine has been discovered, one that very few know about as yet and one that, soon as reports of its worth spread far and wide, will emulate the gold and diamond rushes of other days. This new discovery is a branch of the healing profession that offers as many golden opportunities to the pioneers as ever the gold and diamond mines held forth as a prize. And the beauty of it is that success here is assured without hardships and the strife of mining towns.


"The new profession is chiropractic, or drugless healing. Comparatively little known, chiropractic

. . . practically insures a career to all who enter its yet thin ranks. . . .

"Join the New York College of Chiropractic now when the course can be completed in eighteen months."

A booklet, called "Chiropractic for Men," sent out by the Palmer School, bears these words within a circle of chains on its cover: "Dedicated to Every Truly Ambitious Man Who Would Break the Fetters of Dependency." The pur-

(Continued on page 100)



The Palmer School of Chiropractic
CHIROPRACTIC FOUNDATION

DAVENPORT, IOWA, U.S.A. August 6, 1921.

Mr. Pedro Martinez,
Apartment 65,
251 West 87th St.,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Chiropractors practice in twenty-two States under license, the same as is enjoyed by members of other professions. These States are:-

Arkansas	Vermont	Maryland	South Dakota.
Kansas	Washington	New Mexico	
Nebraska	Minnesota	Arizona	
North Dakota	Montana	Oklahoma	
Oregon	New Jersey	Iowa	
North Carolina	Idaho	New Hampshire	
Connecticut	Florida	Georgia	

In other States thruout the Union Chiropractors practice without legal authority and while this is true, it is hardly possible for a State or municipality to successfully prosecute one for this practice for Chiropractors do not practice medicine or Osteopathy and cannot be governed by the regulations issued for these professions. It is true that occasional attempts are made on this basis yet without success. Any Chiropractor in your city can explain this to you if you will simply call on them.

Six copies of the school announcement are being mailed to your address so that you can hand these out to others of your friends who may be interested. From this you will note that the course of study requires eighteen consecutive months. In addition to this, it can be divided into three six-month periods if you prefer. Our school is in session throughout the entire year, meaning that the entire course can be completed in the time specified. Our object in doing this is so that our students from a distance can receive the instruction in the shortest possible time and at the minimum of expense.

Your inquiry concerning whether or not Chiropractic has been used with success in cases of consumption, pneumonia, cancer and skin diseases, we can answer in the affirmative. By this we do not mean to insinuate that every case of this character receiving Chiropractic adjustments receives the desired results. The results, however, in a high percentage of cases are satisfactory.

We shall be pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

Very truly yours,
THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
Per *B. J. Palmer*

REC-3

This is the facsimile of part of a letter from B. J. Palmer, head of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, to an inquirer who wrote for information as to a possible course in the institution.

is rapidly discarding drugs, and the people are anxiously seeking for capable practitioners of drugless healing, which is based on strictly scientific, natural principles."

The students of nearly all chiropractic schools are permitted to treat private patients for pay long before they graduate. One can obtain the degree of "Doctor of Chiropractic" from the Palmer School and begin to practice after taking only two-thirds of the course.

A PLAN TO RECONSTRUCT RUSSIA

By CHARLES FERGUSON



The poster which represents the "masses" as mercilessly ridden by their cruel masters, the capitalists, is giving way in Russia to a pictorial display of this sort, in which the people are urged to produce. The inscription (at the top) reads: "They will give Soviet Russia coal, the greatest motive force. Give them locomotives, clothes, and transport supplies to them." The words below the picture when translated read: "You must help them! Working in the dark mines, they are making communism."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will remember Mr. Ferguson as the author of two previous articles on Russia. Mr. Ferguson is the organizer of the Technic International which in the meantime has been perfecting its plan to tackle the Russian situation as an engineering problem. The present article is his explanation of this plan.)

MR. WILSON is not always wise; but he spoke prophetically when he said that the Russian riddle is "the acid test" of our civilization. Nothing like the present Russian situation ever happened before. Therefore experience has no jurisdiction. The case must be tried in a higher court—the court of wisdom, or, if you like, horse sense.

Concerning this matter the mind of the world is travelling in what Scripture calls "the valley of decision." The news shouts to us in stentorian headlines every morning. Decide! Decide! If we wait much longer the corrosive acid will etch an unalterable record against us. It will be said by those who come after

us and look back upon these times: "The metal of that age was base."

A base age is one that has no mental resources except those of habit and experience. "Business as usual" expresses the point. If we try to do business as usual in this chaotic, nebulous Russia—with its obvious promise of a New World or nothing—we shall certify to history that we are short of intellectual and spiritual assets.

Royal R. Keely, the American engineer who was put in jail in Moscow because he had engineering eyes that saw too much of what was really doing and what could be done, has just arrived in New York. His is the latest word and one of the wisest.

He says the time has come to do unusual things in business, and that Russia is the place to do them in. Mr. Keely approves the plan of the Technic International—the plan this article is written to set forth. He thinks that nothing less than a new kind of business—business operating on an unprecedented

scale and with a direct civilizing motive—can possibly meet the Russian situation.

According to Mr. Keely, Lenin's attempt to create in Russia a sub-communistic capitalism can have only a burlesque interest for intelligent men. Ingenious salesmen like Mr. Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works can make a few bargains to fill the mere crannies of commerce, but Germany, Great Britain and the United States can have no solid and continuous commercial relationship with the Bolshevik government.

Mr. Lloyd George negotiates with Krassin in London, and Hugo Stinnes plots to draw American financiers into an alliance with the strange new Bolshevik capitalism at Moscow, but Mr. Keely says that the investor who puts his money anywhere in Russia should first see to it that he commands the lines of transport and communication leading from that place to the Russian frontier. He means that sound business must begin at the outer edge and work its way into Russia—making complete economic conquest as it goes.

The Technic International proposes to put into Russia a technical organization capable of accomplishing by means of a scientific administration of credit what cannot be done by alms. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Rickard, Colonel Haskell and other chiefs of the American Relief Administration, understand very well that their present undertaking in Russia is tentative and informative, serving to measure the dimensions of the task. Some of them—not all—understand that the work proposed by the Technic International comes next—by the force of an irresistible logic.

In the engineering world there are many that understand. General George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, is one of these. He says in a memorandum made expressly for publication: "I have gone over the prospectus of the Technic International and believe in the correctness of the principle. I further believe that if applied to the Russian situation it would meet with satisfactory results. I am perfectly willing to confer or become associated with engineers in connection with such a project."

By what method of procedure can competent engineers and genuine captains of industry take possession of a disordered territorial district and manufacture "out of the whole cloth" a good business system there? How to make a system that one can safely lend money to—out of the raw stuff of natural resources and human skills in disarray?

The cardinal principles of this new administrative system were formulated last winter by General Goethals. At that moment the American Bankers' Association was trying to organize its hundred-million-dollar Foreign Trade Financing Corporation. Little attention was being paid to the real problem—to wit, the problem of making a sound credit-base in places where none exists.



ЦАРЬ, ПОП И БОГАЧ

НА ПЛЕЧАХ У ТРУДОВОГО НАРОДА.

This is one of the most striking posters the Bolsheviks ever used. It shows the Czar, a priest and a profiteer riding on the shoulders of the people.

General Goethals stated the answer to this problem in three propositions.

He said, first, that the life-sustaining system of a natural commercial district must be treated as a whole, that the principles of industrial engineering, hitherto applied only to specialized concerns, must now be applied to entire communities. In the second place, it is necessary that the financial government of the community shall administer credit on a basis of systematic priority in favor of the best producers—forming thus a substan-

tial trustification of technical ability. By this means it becomes possible—in the third place—to furnish an unexampled investment security, giving every dollar a lien upon a whole life-sustaining system. These propositions form the basis of the Technic International.

Thus, capitalism pressed to its logical conclusion and carried out on a grand scale becomes the world's most efficient agency for doing good. It will be found that the economizing of human life is not a mere by-product of scientific capitalism.

It will be the direct motive. We shall see that Finance—which is the art that commands all other arts—consists in knowing how to put capital to the most productive uses, how to put dollars where they will do the most good.

Thirty years ago the idea of doing good and the idea of doing business were like distant cousins that never had met. The relationship was negligible. These two ideas lived in different worlds. They seemed to occupy separate and sound-

(Continued on page 101)

The Modern Mendicant

IV The Problem of the Man in Uniform

By Theodore Waters

Illustrated by Clive Weed



(EDITOR'S NOTE.—In preceding articles Mr. Waters discussed the general problem of the street faker. In this article he takes up the soldier problem and shows how it is affected by the professional grafter.)

WALKING up Broadway I came upon two men in khaki uniforms. One of them was holding up a banner on which was the legend:

**Ex-service Men
We Sleep in the Park
We Want Jobs—Not Charity**

The other, nevertheless, rattled a tin cup into which the passing crowd tossed coins. From the amount they collected while I watched them I am sure they did not have to sleep in the park that night.

Now as a matter of fact these two did not want jobs. The probability is that they were not soldiers at all, for it is the easiest thing in the world to hire a uniform even with service stripes upon it and it is possible to buy a Croix de Guerre, if you apply at the right pawnshop. If they were soldiers they were capitalizing their condition and the sympathy that naturally accrues. However, they represent a large class which in or out of uniform has made itself obnoxious in our midst ever since the World War.

The late Josiah Flynt, who by his personal investigations among tramps, threw much light on their habits stated in his "Tramping with Tramps," that "the tramp was hardly known in the United States until immediately following the Civil War. After the war there suddenly appeared upon the scene a large class of men who took to wandering about the country. Occasionally they worked a little to keep themselves in

pin money, but by 1870 hundreds of them had given up any intentions of work."

Now it would seem that a somewhat similar phenomenon had manifested itself since the World War, only in a much different way. War, at least as far as the private soldier is concerned, does not tend to cultivate initiative. Men get used to depending upon the direction of those higher up. All material comforts, including food and lodging are provided by a beneficent government. On the other hand, the life is one of actual or potential excitement and the effect when peace is declared is to make it very hard for many naturally restless spirits to return to the humdrum, ordinary existence. The result following the Civil War was the creation of a horde of restless men, many of whom descended to the calling of the common tramp. But whereas discharged soldiers of the Civil War took to tramping, being for the most part of rural antecedents, thousands of discharged men of the recent war insist upon staying in the cities. Many thousands who were demobilized in New York and were given tickets to their homes, sold their tickets to scalpers and insisted upon partaking of such further excitements as the city provides, even though there was almost



a certainty of their becoming stranded.

These men were met by much maudlin sentiment of the "Oh, my Hero" sort, that did not tend to stabilize such weak characters as were among them. Small blame to them if they did desire a bit of enjoyment after what they had passed through and be it said that the great majority of them soon got enough of it and departed to take up the burden of a normal existence in their own neighborhoods, but they left behind a residuum that seems to insist on capitalizing its predicament, however much it was self-imposed. Understand, this does not refer to the ex-service man who is honestly out of work and cannot get a job, but only to those who are taking advantage of circumstances to rake in much easily obtained money.

Some of these men were actually inveigled into the practice by sharpers who had a vision of large profits and got them. One fellow advertised for men to sell a fly-by-night service pamphlet. If a man in uniform applied he was taken on at once and given a big percentage of all profits he could make by selling pamphlets on the streets. If a man in civilian clothes applied he was offered a uniform which was loaned to him in exchange for his everyday suit, which was held as security for the return of the khaki. Naturally, many never did return the khaki, finding it a much more potent form of appeal than ordinary clothes could ever be.

Thus was the soldier faker subtly manufactured and the ease with which money was obtained merely confirmed him in his new profession. Of course the ordinary professional, that is the faker who had never seen service, was quick to see the advantage of a uniform and quick to adopt it and even to wear real or spurious decorations for bravery. For the professional knows his little old New York, which he esteems as the biggest "gull" city in the country. Perhaps it is due to the cosmopolitan character of the population, but fakes that



"Well meaning old ladies who assisted in War drives seem unable to relinquish the opportunity to patronize."

would fail in other communities seem to work in New York. So the faker proceeded to work it.

Even American Legion officials who are doing their best to apprehend the man who illegally trades upon a uniform, have been imposed upon. Instance the case of the man who applied to the N. Y. State Headquarters of the organization for aid and whose story was to the effect that he had been given a job driving a truckload of liquor (of course he did not realize it was illegal) from Albany to New York City. Half way there he stopped for a meal at a wayside restaurant, leaving his overcoat on the truck in charge of a helper. When he had finished the meal the truck and his overcoat "with his discharge papers in it" had disappeared. He walked the rest of the way to Manhattan. They gave him the benefit of the doubt, also money for eats and railroad fare home, the personal loan of one of the officials. He promised to return the loan and after waiting a considerable time the official wrote to the man's home town "Post." A reply was quickly received disclaiming knowledge of the man except that the Legion official's letter was only about the thirtieth of the kind that had been received.

"Go up to 44th Street and right by the Yale Club you will find a legless fiddler who is a type of the soldier faker," said Dr. J. C. Faries, Director of the N. Y. Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. I did so, but the man had moved because just before I reached there an investigator of The American Legion had paid the fellow a visit. Not only was the decoration he wore spurious but he confessed that he had not been in the war at all, having lost his legs in an ordinary accident. *The investigator confiscated his war button, whereupon the man laid down his violin and cried because he was being deprived of a good graft.*

A little farther uptown stood a negro begging of the crowd and on his breast were displayed a Croix de Guerre and the Cross of Leopold. When asked to show documentary evidence of his right to wear these distinguished decorations he declared that his papers had all been burned in a fire from which he had barely escaped with his life. There is no Federal law making it a crime to wear such unearned decorations, so he cannot be apprehended for it. There is a newly made New York State law that declares the wearing of such to be a misdemeanor, but after all the matter is a Federal concern so that it is difficult to enforce the State law.

Very few of the fakers have dared to wear



"I came across a woman anxiously searching the sidewalk for something which evidently she had lost. . . . She told me without ostentation that it was a twenty-five cent piece she had lost on the way to St. John's Hospital, where her daughter lay ill."

the dotted blue rosette that indicates the wearer to be the possessor of the Congressional Medal for Bravery. I believe that at present only fifty-four living men are entitled to wear it, so the risk of exposure is perhaps too great. But there are so many of the other kinds being worn by mendicants who have no right to do so that some service men have even declined to wear publicly the silver button which indicates that the wearer was wounded in action, also because the activities of spurious organizations for the relief of wounded have tended to create a public impression that disabled soldiers are in a class very little above that of the pauper. The honest ex-service man is unusually proud of his record and does not relish having such appeals made for him as a class, particularly as much of the money so obtained has not reached him at all.

John D. Wanser of the Central Committee of Agencies, who did much good work in the After Care Department of the Red Cross and who has helped to tear many a Croix de Guerre from the breasts of fakers, attributes much of the

difficulty of the soldier problem to the prevalence of ill judged sentimentality that followed the return of the troops from abroad. The fine healthy sentiment that lavished great approval upon the men who risked their lives for their country was as it should be. But beyond that there was a sickly sentimentality that reveled in hero worship and lavished it in greatest measure upon the ones who could tell the wildest tales. Naturally not all of the returned soldiers were proof against its insidious influence.

One young man reported that in one week he had been given without solicitation, five orders for suits of clothes, five orders for shoes, so many theatre tickets that he couldn't have attended the performances in weeks, innumerable invitations to dinners and parties given by organizations and individuals, and \$26 in money. Young men of imagination added to their popularity by telling weird tales of deeds of personal bravery that never occurred. One young man who had never been in battle, although he had been abroad, told such a thrilling

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LOOKING DOWN ON ST. MORITZ—EUROPE'S FAM



KADEL & HERBERT

PLEASURE seekers from various parts of Europe, who have the price, are flocking these days to the mountain resorts of Switzerland, where winter recreations are a highly developed outdoor industry. The striking panorama above shows St. Moritz, one of the oldest and most fashionable of these resorts.

It is in
flanked

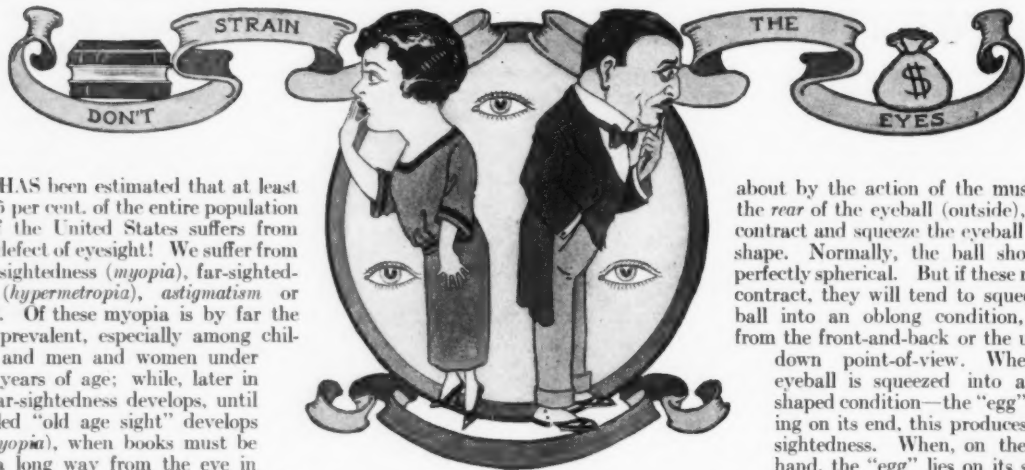
S FAMOUS WINTER PLAYGROUND IN THE ALPS



anorama
resorts.

It is in the picturesque Engadine Valley, 6090 feet above the sea level and is flanked by the towering, snow-buried Alps. There are hotels de luxe aplenty,

numerous big public and private ice skating and curling rinks, marvelous toboggan runs that are literally miles long and ski and sleighing courses galore.



IT HAS been estimated that at least 25 per cent. of the entire population of the United States suffers from some defect of eyesight! We suffer from short-sightedness (*myopia*), far-sightedness (*hypermetropia*), *astigmatism* or *squint*. Of these *myopia* is by far the most prevalent, especially among children, and men and women under forty years of age; while, later in life, far-sightedness develops, until so-called "old age sight" develops (*presbyopia*), when books must be held a long way from the eye in order to be read at all. Here, then, is a very serious state of affairs, which needs a cure if that be possible; since there is every indication that eye defects are on the increase, rather than the reverse.

The usual method of treatment is simply to go and have the eyes examined, and have a pair of glasses "prescribed," which are then worn. This relieves the eyes in many cases, apparently, but it is more and more generally recognized that this method of treatment is merely *palliative*, and that the glasses act merely as "crutches," which serve to bolster-up the weak eyes, rather than to do anything actually to *cure* them. Is there not some method which can be devised whereby these troublesome eyes can be fundamentally *cured*; or, better still, is there not something which can be done, in order to *prevent* the onset of these troubles?

Now, this is precisely what Dr. W. H. Bates, of New York—an eye specialist of more than thirty years' standing—claims to have discovered, and he has lately published a book, "Perfect Sight Without Glasses," which tells just how. By following his directions, Doctor Bates tells us, we can prevent defects of vision; and can even cure those which we may have acquired, by wrong methods of using the eyes, and may lay aside our glasses for good and all!

Most of these troubles develop, Doctor Bates believes, from *eye strain*, that is, by using the eyes in an imperfect and improper manner. If the eye is used rightly, no strain will ever result, and no defect of vision will ever develop.

Let us take *myopia*, or near-sightedness, as an example—since this is the most prevalent of all eye troubles. This is, of course, due to *eye strain* also, and it is developed in this manner:

If I hold a small object near the eyes, I can see all parts of it clearly. If, now, I move this small object across the room, I cannot see it so well. What happens? Unconsciously, I strain to see it as clearly as I did when it was near by. This process of straining the eyes makes them near-sighted. The more near-sighted they are, the more we strain to see; and the more we strain to see, the more near-sighted we become! We are in a vicious circle, from which there seems no egress.

HOW TO CURE YOUR SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS

Recent Discoveries as to the Cause of Defects of Vision

By
HEREWARD CARRINGTON
Ph.D.

What is to be done? Put on a pair of glasses? Certainly not! Learn to use your eyes properly, so that you do *not* strain; and, if you do this, then your eyes will be at rest; your vision will be normal, and you will at once see the distant object perfectly.

And how is *this* to be done! In order to understand more clearly, one or two facts about the physiology of the eyes must be made plain.

The generally accepted theory is that when the eyes "accommodate," or change their focus, to see a near by or a distant object, the lens in the front of the eyeball becomes more or less flattened or bulged out, as the case may be. This is said to be brought about by the action of the ciliary muscle, in the front of the eyeball.

But Doctor Bates has conclusively proved, by a beautiful series of anatomical experiments, that neither the ciliary muscle, nor the lens, have anything to do with accommodation! It is due to other factors entirely!

Myopia, or *hypermetropia*, are brought

about by the action of the muscles at the rear of the eyeball (outside), which contract and squeeze the eyeball out of shape. Normally, the ball should be perfectly spherical. But if these muscles contract, they will tend to squeeze the ball into an oblong condition, either from the front-and-back or the up-and-down point-of-view. When the eyeball is squeezed into an egg-shaped condition—the "egg" standing on its end, this produces short-sightedness. When, on the other hand, the "egg" lies on its side, so to speak, this produces long-sightedness.

But has the lens nothing to do with these states? Nothing at all! Doctor Bates took the lens *completely out* of the eyes of rabbits, fish and other animals, and still succeeded in producing all the defects of vision, and again remedied them, merely by causing a contraction or relaxation of the muscles at the rear of the eyeball. These and these alone are the factors in accommodation.

Now, one cannot *voluntarily* control the action of these muscles. No amount of conscious "relaxation" will affect them. They must be relaxed through using the eyes properly—that is, seeing the object truly and without strain. This relaxation is brought about in several ways.

First of all, the subject is instructed to look at an object, say twelve feet away, and endeavor to see *one part* of it *best*. Try to see one point on the object—like the high-light on a Rembrandt picture—and let the rest blur. If you can succeed in seeing a very small part of a distant object *better* than any other part, in this way, you are using your eyes normally without strain, and you will find that you are now no longer short-sighted, but that you can see the picture perfectly.

The subject is also instructed to try and *imagine* the object he is looking at—for it has been found that imagination greatly helps vision in this manner. It relieves the strain.

Then, the subject is taught to "*palm*." The eyes are closely covered with the lower portions of the palms of both hands, which are pressed tightly over the eyes. The patient is then told to try and imagine a *perfect black*. Usually, in all eye defects, this will be found impossible. Gray or silver or pink, or some other color, will be seen—not black! This exercise is repeated a number of times, until a perfect black has been obtained. And it has been demonstrated that if a perfect black *can* be imagined, in this manner, the eyes are no longer strained, and perfect sight is (temporarily) obtained!

A good way is to make a small dot upon a card, with India ink, and tell the patient to look at this. Then close the eyes and try and imagine a perfect black. If he

(Concluded on page 105)



AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

HE WAS a Diffident Shade, and as he faced Saint Peter he dropped his gaze and shifted his body uneasily.

"I am afraid I have no business here," he began hesitatingly. "I haven't been especially good, as your recording angel's book will show, and I'm afraid I haven't exerted myself much in the cause of righteousness. I've been a sort of human n-o-t, not, all my mortal life. I may as well make a clean breast of it."

"Oh, come, come," said the Saint of the Gate. "It can't be as bad as all that. Can't you think of even one thing in your favor? Come now, try."

The Diffident Shade thought a moment and then spoke again, but with minimum confidence.

"There is only one thing that occurs to me," he continued. "Whenever anyone on earth told me a funny story, and I realized that it was one I had heard before, I made it my invariable practice never to let on. I laughed as heartily as if it were brand new to me, and quite the best thing I had ever heard in my life. I did this," concluded the Diffident Shade, "rather than lessen a friend's pleasure in the telling."

Pressing gently upon his brow a 20-karat halo set with diamonds, Saint Peter slapped the Diffident Shade on his diffidently curved back, then took him cordially by the arm and led him across the pearly threshold.

"Enter, my son," he cried, "enter, and take a seat. Here is a pass for all eternity to the milk and honey tap. There is absolutely nothing in paradise too good for you!"

A certain covenant of German manufacture was characterized as "a scrap of paper." The four-power pact of the Pacific is turning out to be a paper of scraps.

YOU never hear a bootlegger complaining about his taxes. Not only is his business untaxed, but he may, if thrifty, invest his profits in tax-exempt securities, thus beating the Government twice. Here is a little suggestion: Think of this when sweating over your next income-tax return. It will soothe you.

ETIQUETTE SIMPLIFIED

THE main trouble with books on etiquette is that they make one feel so small. Particularly if they be illustrated books. An illustration in an etiquette book is usually captioned thus:

"A very serious blunder is being made by one of the men in this picture. Do you know what it is?" Or,

"Mistakes in public are often very embarrassing. Do you know what's wrong in this picture?"

And for the life and soul of us, we never do. The people in the pictures, we confess to ourselves, seem extremely well bred and nice mannered. Yet they are set forth as horrible examples of something; as social delinquents.

Illustrations of this type are humiliating. They crush us; make us feel hopeless of ever being house-broken, let alone cultured. The task of ever knowing "what is wrong" seems so colossal that we flunk the whole exam, right off, and go out and keep on our hat in an elevator, or take up our oysters with sugar tongs.

Lessons in etiquette books should be graded, just as lessons in spelling are graded, or in mathematics. Nobody flashes conic sections on a kindergarten kid, and the same consideration should be shown beginners in etiquette. Primary stuff should come first. Some day, the makers of etiquette books will acknowledge this and then, instead of advanced graduate work, ambitious but lowly students will start with such problems as—



"Whenever anyone on earth told me a funny story, and I realized that it was one I had heard before, I made it my invariable practice never to let on."

OLD DOCTOR PHONOGRAPH

MANY are the uses of the phonograph. Its latest function, one purely domestic, is to provide properly timed musical accompaniment for home calisthenics. No excuse now for lack of pep in the set-up exercise. But this scheme barely scratches the surface—the surface of the record, so to speak. Live, snappy music is essential to the daily setting-up drill, but there are other ways in which the phonograph can co-operate in the home. One of the greatest evils in American life is the habit of eating too fast; of bolting one's food. To remedy this, to insure a proper degree of chewing before swallowing, let a phonograph record for dyspeptics be made; one to be turned on faithfully every meal time; not peppy stuff, but "measured beat and slow." In six months how the unsolicited testimonials would pour in! For example:

"Dear Sirs: Since chewing my food to the tune of your Mr. Handel's *Largo*, my health has improved 100 per cent. I feel that I can now begin to eat in old-fashioned waltz time. Please send me the *Beautiful Blue Danube*."

If this isn't a practical business idea we'd like to know what is.

HEADLINES

"What d'yer read?" the newsboys say.

Well, here's the news we read to-day:

Signs pact;
Airs views;
Probes act;
Seeks clues;
Fools thief;
Shows need;
Hails chief;
Lauds deed;
Hints plot;
Flays cop;
Ties knot;
Loots shop;
Raids dive;
Heals breach;
Plans drive;
Makes speech.

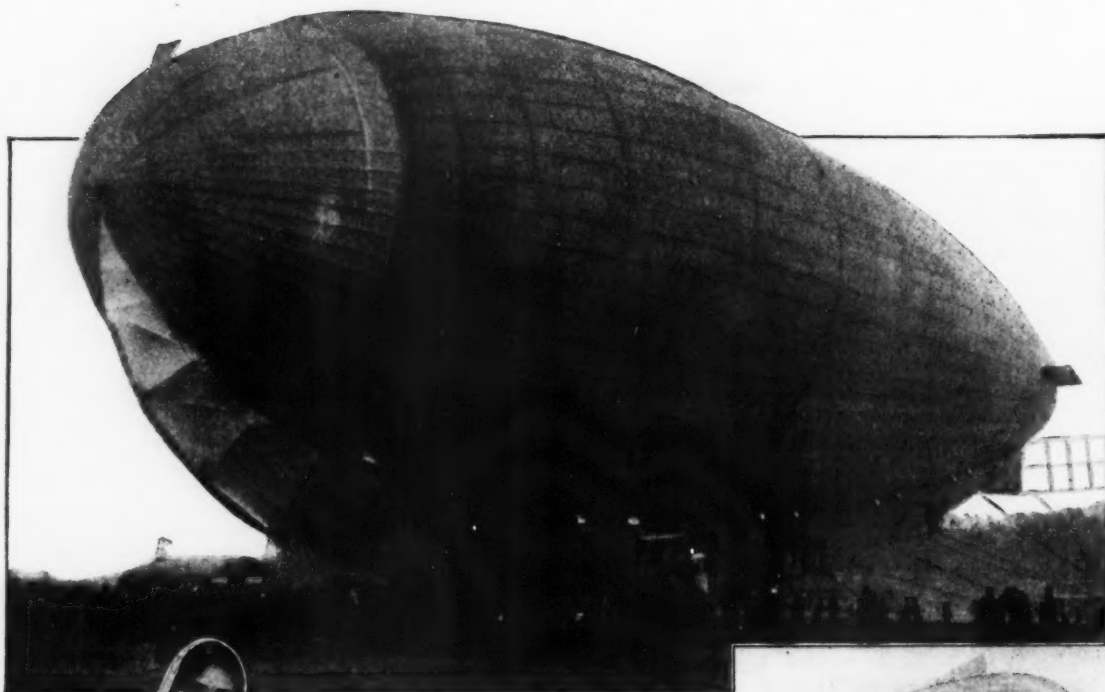
"What d'yer read?" the newsboys say.

Well, that's the news we read to-day.

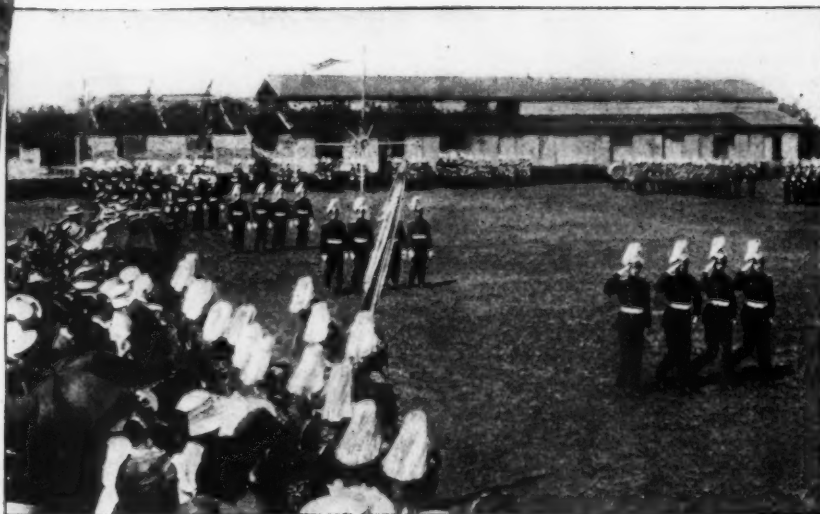


Several bad breaks are being made by the man in this picture. Can you point them out?

RANDOM SHOTS WITH A CAMERA



THE giant dirigible Roma (above), recently purchased from Italy by the United States, putting off from Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., after its christening. It is claimed by many experts that the Roma represents a type which is the best yet evolved for lighter-than-air flying craft. At the right is the stern of the great giant airship. The American flag which is showing was presented by General Vacarri, of the Italian Army.

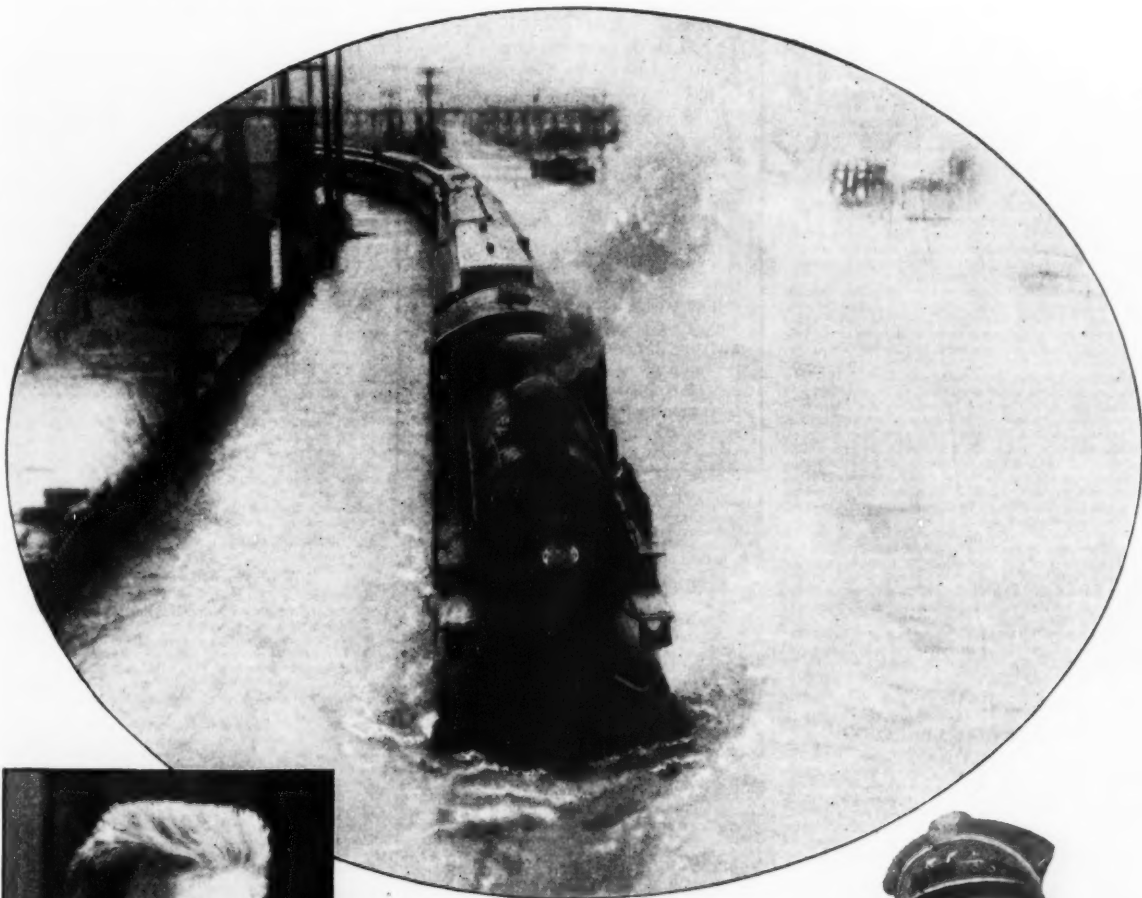


PHOTOS KEystone

YOUNG Second Lieutenants just being graduated from the San Martin Military College in Argentina passing in review before General Justo, Director of the College. San Martin is known as the "West Point of Argentina," and is modeled after our own military academy.

THE malcontents of India have adopted a flag. Here it is. It is red, yellow and green. The sun represents energy; the moon, beauty; and the lotus blossoms stand for the different provinces of the vast Far Eastern land. The woman holding the flag is Mme. Kamala Mukerji, a Hindu revolutionist, who is now in this country.

NEWS THAT IS TOLD BY PICTURES



SAM ARMSTRONG
FOR fifty hours before this picture was taken rain had fallen almost continuously in the vicinity of Tacoma, Wash. The resultant floods of December 12 and 13 caused the deaths of thirteen persons and enormous loss to the property owners in the western portion of the State. The snapshot above shows a Northern Pacific passenger train pulling out of Tacoma when the going was rather bad.



KEYSTONE

THE Nobel Peace Prize for 1921 has been divided equally between Hjalmar Branting (above), Premier of Sweden, and Christian L. Lange, of Norway, secretary of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. Mr. Branting, who is sixty-one years old, is by profession a journalist, and for years he has been working in the interest of world peace. This international award is made annually by a committee of five, elected by the Norwegian Storting. Three Americans—Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Elihu Root—have been recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize.



AUTOMOBILE thieves in the Northwest have adopted a unique method of disposing of stolen cars temporarily. They are driving the machines to isolated districts, where the ground is sandy and easily excavated, and burying them. Hunters happened to discover this one when they stumbled upon what resembled a huge newly made grave and, to their astonishment, exhumed a stolen automobile.



KEYSTONE

CAPT. EDWARD C. J. CORSI, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who served with the Kosciuszko Escadrille in Poland's fight against the Bolsheviks, has at last returned to the United States. Captain Corsi went to France in 1915 with an American Ambulance unit, and when the Lafayette Escadrille was formed he joined it. Later he became a member of our American flying force along the European war front.

What do you think of Prohibition?

PROHIBITION AND FARMERS

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Just a few words to say what I think prohibition has done for this country. Before prohibition the farmers rotated their crops in this manner: about one-third acreage corn, one-third barley, and one-third oats. At that time our barley had a good market and always at a good price, and generally sold at threshing time.

Also before prohibition, about 20 per cent. of our corn was sold for distilling purposes. Now there is no market for barley, and we also lose the distillers' demand for corn. Consequently the acreage we used to put into barley is now put in corn.

Even in the northern part of this State when oats and barley were the main crops, barley is dropped and more corn is raised. They even raised late maturing corn and they were lucky this year in having their corn mature. But there was no market for corn and the price was only from fifteen to twenty cents per bushel.

The railroads get twenty cents per bushel for hauling corn to Chicago. I think the United States average for corn is thirty-five bushels per acre. At twenty cents per bushel, this would bring seven dollars per acre. Our tax is about two dollars per acre, leaving the farmer five dollars per acre.

The United States average for oats is thirty bushels. Oats brings fifteen cents per bushel or four dollars and one-half per acre. Deduct two dollars for tax which leaves two dollars and one-half per acre for raising oats. No wonder it is hard for the farmer to pay even his taxes.

Now take in Canada, the main crops are rye, wheat, and oats. I say rye first because it is the best paying crop, and it is not used for bread either, but for distilling. The Canadian Government gets a very large revenue from the distiller, and we buy the product and thereby pay the Canadian war debt.

I think the Government can never appoint enough prohibition officers to stop the sale of Canadian whiskey nor the making of the "moonshine." I have heard that, to every "still" caught there are twenty-five new ones put in operation. The worst of it is that young boys who never before could enter a saloon now drink and peddle this "moonshine."

It was a blessing that saloons were closed before our soldiers came home, but now our younger boys and girls are suffering the ill-effects morally and we are suffering financially.

C. F.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

FINDS HOMES BENEFITED

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

My attitude on prohibition varies according to the different standpoints from which I view it. Personally, it is very inconvenient not to get a drink occasionally when I want it. As father of three boys, I am very much in favor of national prohibition. As a physician, seeing the change it has made in many homes and from the standpoint of being able to collect my accounts, I am in favor of prohibition.

I feel that it is being successfully enforced in our community in spite of the fact that we are near the Canadian border. There is much less drinking among all classes of people, and if we are to have prohibition at all, we should have strict enforcement of the law. Some "bootleggers" are making considerable money, but the same is true of a number of profiteers.

There are a few undoubtedly who are drinking who never drank much before, but this is not true of the younger set, and this is not true to the extent I would naturally expect it to be. There are very few people carrying liquor on their persons. Most liquor being drunk is served in private homes.

To allow beer and light wines would in my judgment not decrease this, but simply would allow the drinking of more less intoxicating liquor.

C.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A PASSING STAGE

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

Prohibition is not a success yet, nor the first few years was the American Revolution. Give it twenty-five years and it will be the biggest thing that ever happened in America.

As to whether bootlegging is increasing or decreasing: that is small potatoes. It will probably fluctuate for a number of years, but come back to this old footstool in twenty-five years and you will find America much better off.

I used to sop up some and I do now when some kind neighbor invites me in; but it's merely for the lack of it. I know better and in a few years I will be weaned away. We're now merely going through a passing stage.

HOMER CROFT.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

THINKS IT A FAILURE

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

In my opinion prohibition is a failure and there are a great many people who will drink now when the opportunity presents who would not even touch anything before; especially is this true of women. I believe that if prohibition had not been voted that in five or six years the country would have been dry or at least eighty per cent. of it, as sentiment was getting against drinking all the time, especially among the business people. Now that it is against the law a great many people merely for the adventure will take a drink knowing that they could not get hold of enough to form a habit and be injurious to them. Also, there are millions of people who never pay any taxes and there is no way to make them pay them now that they cannot buy liquor as they

LESLIE'S questionnaire on national prohibition has elicited a large and widespread response from its readers. Letters have been received from all parts of the United States which reveal sharply divergent views on the various aspects of this much-discussed topic.

LESLIE'S publishes herewith some of these letters expressive of both sides of the question and plans to publish in succeeding issues as many others as its space will permit. It will be seen that these letters, in many instances, not only express the personal opinions of the writers but reflect conditions respecting the enforcement of prohibition in widely separated sections of the country.

formerly did. This makes taxes high on legitimate businesses, and transfers the burden of keeping up the Government from the shoulders of many to the few. Prohibition is being enforced on the surface in this section, but not below the surface.

H.

Cuero, Texas

OPPOSES THE SALOON

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

To begin with I was raised a strict teetotaler and always have been, my father was a rabid prohibitionist and my mother, who is now eighty-two years old, still is one. I have voted that ticket as often as either the Democratic or Republican—in politics I don't know what I am now.

So far, I think the prohibitory amendment has been a rank failure, whether the novelty will wear off in a few years more and everybody will stop trying to get around it, I don't know. But I am convinced that instead of lessening crime, reducing the occupancy of prisons and insane asylums and making law enforcing forces unnecessary it has had directly the opposite effect. I know of one man to my personal knowledge who has used alcoholic liquors to a very much greater extent since than before prohibition—he, himself, has said in my hearing that he has used more since prohibition went into effect than he did all his life before.

In my own case I know that it never occurred to me that I had some choice wines and brandies in the cellar—some put there when I was married more than twenty-five years ago—until I found it was impossible to get any more and I was in daily dread of someone stealing my little store, to say nothing of my own inclination to use it and thus run no chance of anybody else getting my choice liquors. Some I have treated my friends to and I find constant temptation to use my little remaining stock just out of pure curiosity, I suppose.

I am not in favor of the return of the licensed saloon—I hope that inquiry will never be tolerated again in America; I am decidedly in favor of a large and heavy tax on light wines and beer to be sold under such restrictions that the Government will get every cent of the tax. That tax will pay, in my judgment, the entire expenses of the Government. As it is now, the Government gets nothing as a tax on liquor and the law enforcement costs billions. If anybody objects to the high tax on wines and beer let 'em abstain—they don't have to use it if they don't want to.

PENNSYLVANIA.

SEES COMMUNITY IMPROVEMENT

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I have been a reader of your paper for years and enjoy it very much. What do I think of prohibition? I am in sympathy with it. I feel that it is the greatest movement for national betterment that has taken place in these United States. As you know California has no enforcement act, but all signs point to one in November, 1922. Santa Clara County and San Jose always voted wet, but last month San Jose and Santa Clara Counties voted in favor of the Volstead Act by 3,000 majority. Why? Because this county, city, and all the small towns have gone ahead in all lines since prohibition went into effect. Drinking has decreased.

I favor strict enforcement. Bootleggers are making money but the authorities are giving them a run for it. I know of no one who drinks now who did not before the law was passed but I know many who do not drink now who drank before. There may be young men and girls drinking but I do not know of any; perhaps I am not wise.

I am not in favor of light wines and beers. I believe the granting of that privilege would be abused and would be a stepping stone to something worse. Our country is certainly better off than before, bootlegging not withstanding. If we go back on Prohibition it will be a step backward. Let us go forward and time will straighten all difficulties.

A. G. B.

San Jose, Cal.

ADVOCATES MODIFICATION

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am opposed to prohibition because you cannot make people good or moral by law, because of the fact that the people in this State had no say in the matter whatever, because the Anti-Saloon Society holds no meetings outside of church halls, because of its promise to those who vote as they wish that it will give its help to elect them, and because it has opposed by tooth and nail except in favored States referendums on the question.

Prohibition is not enforced in this section off on the surface. Drinking has neither increased or decreased in this section among liquor drinkers, but has among beer drinkers because they will not drink one-half of 1 per cent. beer, but they are all making up for this by making beer in their own homes. Bootleggers are making large sums here.

I have no personal knowledge that young men and women who did not drink liquor before prohibition are now doing so in public places, though I have heard it is done.

I have personal knowledge that people are drinking to-day that did not before prohibition. I do not come across people who carry liquor on their person, and I do believe that to allow people to drink light wines and beer would fill their wants and lessen liquor drinking, and until such a law is passed people will be dissatisfied.

In my opinion the present prohibition question has already bred disrespect for the law and the Constitution, so much so in my mind that it is a question if they will ever respect the Constitution again, as I believe that momentous questions of this kind that affect their daily habits so much should be decided by referendums and local option. I favor modification of the present prohibition enforcement laws, so that beer and light wines may be used.

Port Richmond, N. Y.

A TEMPERATE MAN.

A LAWYER'S OPINION

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am in sympathy with prohibition, but as a constitutional lawyer I cannot approve putting police measures in the framework of the Federal Government, the fundamental law of the land. It weakens the Constitution of the United States, which is the greatest contribution to science government known to history. It is like putting household *bric-a-brac* in the steel framework of an office building.

Prohibition is fairly well enforced here and drinking has materially decreased. I favor law enforcement. But I do not approve laws encroaching upon personal rights secured by the Federal Constitution. Such legislation is dangerous to liberty. Bootleggers are not prosperous. I do not know any people who did not drink liquor before prohibition who do so now. Prohibition has removed temptation from young men and women. There is very little liquor "on the hip" here.

I do not believe drinking of beer and light wines would either increase or decrease drinking of hard liquor.

J. D.

Kansas City, Mo.

THINKS LAW UNENFORCEABLE

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am not in sympathy with prohibition, its enforcement is an impossibility. Drinking of strong liquor has increased here. I favor extermination for the present gang of prohibition grafters.

Bootleggers and also some so-called very nice citizens are making a great deal of money.

I know people who were and are temperance advocates who have some very high proof juices on hand, and who serve it to guests now openly who did not before Volstead cracked the Constitution. I also have seen many young people, some still in school, under the influence of liquor—that before prohibition, this would have been called a crime and something done about it, but to-day it seems a very smart thing. Young people to-day are served liquor in public places more willingly than are some of the older ones. Hip pocket drinkers are certainly a plenty in any gathering.

Good beer and wine would without any doubt decrease this poison liquor and cut out so much home brewing and distilling.

Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. B.

AN ILLINOISAN'S TESTIMONY

Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am entirely in sympathy with national prohibition. It is being successfully enforced here. I get out every day and do not see a drunken man on the streets on an average of one a month now. Before the law was passed I saw on the streets an average of about four a day drunk. If any of my personal acquaintances are drinking I could smell liquor about them. I have noticed but one with a liquor odor about him, and he is generally considered an absolute fool, liquor or no liquor.

I favor strict enforcement and would like to see printed joking on breaking the law discouraged. About as many bootleggers are making large sums as men who win large sums at roulette gaming. I suppose a very few men are getting good profits to amount to anything here, but they are rare birds, I can assure you.

I do not know any person who did not drink liquor before prohibition who is doing so now. I should about as soon expect to find any hip pocket liquor in this locality as to find a needle in a haystack.

I believe drinking beer and light wines could be trusted to reduce the hard liquor drinking about as well as the Chicago saloons seem to be trusted to sell soft drinks only.

W.

Champaign, Ill.

HALF A BILLION IS A LOT OF MONEY

By DONALD WILHELM

FOR the most part, Americans are apt to rejoice at the prospect of a Naval Holiday because they think of it as an augury of enduring peace. That is, most of us think of peace, of real peace, in contrast with war, real and terrible modern war.

But there is the financial side of the question, so let us look at it.

A little fact worth taking hold of, then, is that we are spending, in these halcyon days of peace in which we are praying for the everlasting end of war, on our Army and Navy, day by day, week by week, month by month, as much as Germany is obliged, in the form of reparations, to pay the Allied victors in the world war.

On our Navy, to keep it keened at razor edge, on the eve of the proposed Naval Holiday, we are spending two-thirds as much as Germany is required to pay in reparations. We are spending \$135,890 a day, \$5,660 an hour. We have been planning to spend in this current year, to keep a score of capital ships ahead of their respective wakes, just about a round half-billion dollars.

Now, take a look at the international balance sheet from another corner: In 1910 our annual income was estimated at thirty billions of dollars, and the Federal Government collected for its purposes about three per cent of this. The authorities who made that calculation, now estimate our annual income at fifty billions, from which the Federal Government takes as its share ten per cent. In other words, while our wealth has not doubled in point of annual increase; taxation has trebled.

But we are comparatively fortunate: Before the war France spent sixteen per cent of her annual earnings in taxes; now it's forty per cent. Before the war England spent nine per cent; now it's twenty-two per cent. Italy meanwhile has advanced from thirteen to thirty per cent. And Germany, be it noted, has gone from eight to twenty-three per cent only.

Take another look: Before the war the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy were spending all together every year for military and naval purposes, \$1,321,000,000. Now, with Germany licked, they are spending \$4,092,000,000. Apportioned to families each of five members, Great Britain's share for military expenditures has advanced from \$40.80 to \$109.55, per family per year; France's share, from \$44.20 to \$131.60; Italy's from \$14.15 to \$121.10; that of the United States from \$23.10 to \$54.10.

Meanwhile the aggregate governmental expenditures of these four nations have increased six-fold, to more than \$19,000,000,000—nineteen thousand millions of dollars!

But the point in these facts is not to pile up figures so mountain huge as to be to most of us meaningless. Senator Borah reminds us that when forty years have rolled round, if we keep up

the pace of the present and last year in military and naval preparedness, then what? This: That allowing a large increase in German exports, with reparations tax on them of twenty-six per cent, and counting Germany's annuity of \$500,000,000 to the victors, then, when forty years have passed, if, fortunately we have kept out of war, we shall have paid for preparedness more than Germany has paid in reparations, not to mention interest.

Modern war, you see, defeats not only the vanquished but the conquerors, too.

But let us consider a neat, invaluable little summary, the only one of its kind for a recent, peacetime year—the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1919, and ending June 30, 1920:

Expenditures arising from recent and previous wars...	\$3,855,482,585.00	67.81%
War and Navy Departments...	1,424,138,676.57	25.02%
Primary governmental functions...	181,087,225.41	3.19%
Public Works...	168,203,557.46	2.97%
Research, educational and developmental...	57,093,660.93	1.01%
	\$5,668,005,705.97	100.00%

It is worth noting, in order to get the cost of our Army and Navy in perspective against the background sketched above, that 67.81 per cent of all our National expenditures in 1919-20 went to pay for recent and previous wars; that only 1.01 per cent went for research, education and developmental work; and that 25.02 per cent went into preparation for future wars—while only 3.19 per cent went to the civil departments of the Government and 2.97 to public works.

Now, oddly enough, nowhere in Washington is there an official balance sheet like this unofficial but authoritative one above. It remained for General Dawes and his Bureau of the Budget to set about working out such a balance sheet for the present year of 1921-22. His summaries are by no means complete, but he authorizes me to make public his opinion that though aggregate expenses for substantially all the groups except that for past wars will be reduced, the proportions will remain about the same.

This implies that we shall spend, in this halcyon year of peace, taxation and depression, some twenty-odd times as much for our Army and Navy as, in the same months, we shall spend for the promotion of research, education and similar developmental work, such as elimination of waste in industry.

But just here let's whittle our pencil sharper.

Then, three things are clear:

1. The expenditures we are making to pay for the recent and for previous wars—debts, pensions, etc.—are distinctly not theories; they're facts. And a fact, like a state of mind, is the realest thing in the world.

2. Expenditures for the War Department have been cut. The United States resolutely took the lead, in reducing its Army to 150,000. There are many Army officers who frankly say that we have no Army left.

3. Expenditures for the Navy, unless the Naval Holiday is put into effect, will ride high mainly for an interesting but rather opportunistic reason. In 1915, it will be remembered, the Great War was on. We had almost no Army; we had an ocean between us and Germany, and soon submarines were crossing that ocean. The fever for preparedness was on—and we passed what is known as the 1916 three-year naval program. It provided for ten first-class battleships, six battle cruisers, ten scout cruisers, numerous auxiliaries. Our entrance into the war interrupted that program—we built destroyers and cargo ships instead of capital ships. With the end of the war we resumed the building of capital ships and we shall soon have a new dozen, planned for in the 1916 program, each costing, without auxiliaries of course, about \$40,000,000, i.e., about twenty-eight times as much as our annual appropriation for the National Parks, with all they mean to young and old Americans and travelers from all over the world.

Now, the cost isn't all on the surface.

For instance, those who fought for or against the last Naval Appropriations Bill and saw it evolve at last carrying the precise and handsome sum of \$410,673,289.63, may have thought that to be the whole story. It isn't—not by a long shot! By the so-called Legislative Act, the Navy got, according to Treasury figures the public does not count, \$2,316,660. Nor is that all. By the Deficiency Act of March 1, the Navy got \$55,116,021—which is a score of times as much as Congress gave the Bureau of Education. By the Deficiency Act of June 16, the Navy got \$8,687,132 more—a mere bagatelle, of course, yet enough almost to provide for all our Federal courts, penal establishments, etc. Nor is this all. By what the Treasury knows as permanent appropriations, the Navy got \$13,197,696 additional, which is substantially enough to provide for Congress.

Total: \$489,651,232.99—about eight times as much as we are spending for research, education, public health and other major questions such as how to solve the industrial problem.

I went to the Navy Department, which is a lot more open-minded on the whole problem than one may think, and learned that it has informed the Bureau of the Budget exactly the amount that it expects to draw from the Treasury—in addition to unavoidable deficits (one of which for twenty millions is now on the way to Congress)—during the current year.

This is It: \$478,225,000, without deficits.

(Concluded on page 106)

The Modern Mendicant—(Continued from page 89)

story of his adventures, that he was taken up by a vaudeville performer who got him to tell it as part of his act. And it went big. The fact that it was not true did not detract from its pulling power. However it was the age of fiction, war fiction at least. The public got what it always falls for—a good story. Everybody was satisfied and in the language of the local newspaper, a pleasant time was had by all.

The faker, however, does more than merely tell a good story. He illustrates it. Long before the moving picture became popular the faker had adopted its underlying principle. His visible condition was the picture, his story was the caption. Millions patronize the movies, thousands patronize the fakers and will continue to do so as long as new and novel tales of woe continue to be illustrated. The war supplied a convincing motif for both movie and faker.

But the war had not only a definite effect upon fakerdom, it also had a definite effect on other methods of appeal made by well-meaning and ill-meaning persons who learned much from the psychology of the war drive. Many of the girls, nice girls to start with, who had been sent out on the streets with slotted boxes to solicit for some good cause, continued the work on their own account after the original work had been accomplished. That is, they continued to beg under the auspices of some master mind who supplied a good cause, usually himself, and split with them fifty-fifty for their trouble. At the time this account is being written a girl is being tried in a New York court for soliciting for down-and-out chorus girls. Her method was to jump upon the running boards of Fifth Avenue automobiles whenever the police compelled a temporary halt in the traffic and shake her begging box in the faces of the motorists. The court action is for the purpose of ascertaining how much of the money collected actually went to the workless stage girls.

Well meaning old ladies who assisted in the War drives seem unable to relinquish the opportunity to patronize. Many of them in a manner of speaking seem possessed of a presidential bug. They must be the head of some eleemosynary project that will bring them publicity. One lady endeavored to start a national organization to do good. That was laudable enough in itself, provided there was some particular brand of good she could do. But what, there was the rub. Observing that widows and orphans, deserted wives, wayward girls and boys, blind girls, poor soldiers and sailors, every kind of forsaken person in fact, except poor old father, were apparently being looked after, she decided to help out the old man and so started a campaign with the slogan: "Something for Daddy."

Another woman started a fund for "Aged and Infirm Horses" and operates a farm where the poor animals are sent to live out their old age. There is a hide and bone factory not too very far away, but the mention of that perhaps,

is irrelevant. There are pro-cat and anti-cat societies; patronesses who just must do something for the working girl whether she wants it or not; the man who just must do something for the down-and-out, but has no money of his own to do it with. One idealist is now trying to secure a farm to harbor all the homeless men of New York and he is sure that it would be self-supporting. The farmers among the men would raise crops, so they would all get enough to eat. The sheep would supply mutton and wool which latter the weavers would make into cloth and the tailors would convert into clothes. The cattle would supply beef and from their hides the cobblers

That he may steal the car is not the question. But the modern tramp does operate the machine, wearing better clothes than he used to, and begging his gasoline and his sustenance as he goes. For, of course, he is somehow always on the way to one of those States or communities where consumptives are often compelled to go, and if you don't believe it he will cough for the ladies just to prove it.

To sum up: It can be stated definitely that the modern mendicant has changed his ways. He has advanced with the times. He is no longer the guttersnipe, who whines by day and carouses in a Bowery saloon by night. For the most part, he has risen above the sidewalk, so to speak, and takes his "profession" seriously, putting into it an applied psychology as effective as any taught in a modern school of salesmanship. And, like other successful salesmen, he lives according to his means, going home at night to his cozy flat or his suburban place where he keeps his family in comfort and "educates" his children like any other professional. Overdrawn? Not a bit of it. Ask the Bureaus that keep tabs on him, or go among his kind yourself and learn how many of him own securities and real estate.

He is a problem and he ought to be eradicated, but he never will be until the public learns to discourage him by refusing him direct assistance, and by co-operating with the agencies whose business it is, as far as he is concerned, to separate the sheep from the goats.

I was thinking over this matter seriously as I wended my way home one evening after one of my investigations, when I came across a woman anxiously searching the sidewalk for something which evidently she had lost. Darkness had set in. It had begun to rain and the spot where she searched was black indeed. Old eyes grow dim, you know, and perhaps my younger ones might be of assistance. She told me without ostentation that it was a twenty-five cent piece she had lost while on the way to St. John's Hospital where her daughter lay ill, almost at the point of death, in fact. To make it worse, she had walked all the way from her far distant home and that lost quarter-dollar was for carfare back again. *We did not find the coin, so as it was beginning to rain harder and feeling that here at least was a deserving case, I made it up to her and hurried home. I couldn't bear to think of her trudging that long way back in the rain. Of course I told my wife about it and waited for her reaction which indeed came at once.*

"So you gave her a quarter, dear?" said She-who-findeth-out-all-things. "I am very glad. It shows that your varied experience with fakers has not entirely hardened your heart. I feel it my duty to tell you, however, that your poor old woman with the sick daughter in St. John's Hospital, lost a quarter in front of this very house, evening before last, and I also helped her out."

As the Lobbygow said: Can you beat it?

JANUARY

By MABEL WILES SIMPSON

*The north winds sweep across the lake
And coat the trees with frozen spray,
The icy branches creak and sigh
And in their armor stiffly sway.
The snow lies deep upon the field
The twisted fence is covered o'er,
The cotter's hut is hid away
A snowy mountain by the door.
Where here and there some barren bush
Has dared to rear its timid head,
The wind with icy fingered touch
Has covered it as one long dead.*

*All day the north winds howl and cry
And whip the creaking branches high.*



would make shoes for the men to wear. And the—I cannot remember all of it but he has it all worked out. It reminds one of the cat and rat farm where the cats are to be raised for their fur, their carcasses go to feed the rats and the rats go to feed the cats. A great idea if you could once get it going.

The bearing of some of this on the mendicant question might seem to be remote, but such schemes are nevertheless part of our great alms soliciting system and illustrate a phase which has manifested itself for the most part since the War. Why, even our old friend the tramp has changed. Does he ride the train bumpers as of yore? Not if he can help it. If he desires to travel between, say, New York and Philadelphia nowadays, he goes outside either city and solicits a ride on one of the innumerable auto-trucks that ply between those places, offering to "work" his passage by virtue of the extra protection which his presence will afford the driver against road bandits. Throughout the country he has taken to the automobile, no less,

\$1000 for Smiling Faces



Mark Twain said, "There are only seven original jokes." These smiling gentlemen—James A. Waldron, Editor of *JUDGE*; Claire Briggs, Cartoonist; Edgar A. Guest, of the *Detroit Free Press*; Douglas Malloch, "the poet of the woods," and J. V. Higinbotham, of humorous fame, must know what these jokes are. At any rate, each face counts a point in *JUDGE*'s National Smile Week Contest.

Are you clipping smiling faces? If not, read the easy rules. It is not too late to begin now.

Women's Clubs Co-operate

All over the United States, Women's Clubs are going to celebrate NATIONAL SMILE WEEK, February 5 to 12, in a variety of ways. Some are going to have papers read on the great American and British humorists. Others will discuss humor in the drama, in literature, etc. Others will have papers written on the subject of Smiles. Still other Clubs will have original humorous stories told to them by national or local humorists.

This is the way some of the Women's Clubs are going to co-operate in *JUDGE*'s NATIONAL SMILE WEEK:

The Friday Club, Hightstown, N. J.

"The last half of the year, our Club is taking up the different kinds of stories and fortunately our program of February 3 is 'the humorous story' and I think, at the same time, we can make time to tell of *JUDGE*'s SMILE WEEK."

Farmingdale Woman's Club, Farmingdale, N. Y.

"The suggestions in your letter of December 14 do meet with my approval. I will hand your letter to the Program Chairman of my club."

Phalo, New York City, N. Y.

"I am heartily in favor of the SMILE WEEK idea."

Clio, New York City, N. Y.

"I am heartily in sympathy with the idea. Clio has already allotted February 13, the day after Lincoln's Birthday, to be her Smile Day and hopes to have a day 'in lighter vein.'"

Here Are the Easy Rules of the Contest:

1. Each smiling face clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement will count as a point in *JUDGE*'s National Smile Week Contest. To the persons who send the largest number of smiling faces clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement published on or before midnight, February 12th, the following cash prizes will be given:

For the largest number - - - - -	\$500.00
For the second largest number - - - - -	250.00
For the third - - - - -	100.00
For the fourth - - - - -	50.00
For the next ten, each - - - - -	10.00

2. Clippings made from now on, from any newspaper or magazine advertisement either current or back numbers (no more than five points will be allowed from any one advertisement) may be entered. The same advertisement in the same magazine or newspaper may be used but once by any competitor.
3. Clippings must be mailed on or before midnight of February 13th, 1922, when the contest closes. Don't send any clippings until you send them all.
4. This contest is open to you whether you are a subscriber to *JUDGE* or not. It is not necessary that you buy the magazine in order to enter the contest.
5. Employees, or members of the families of the employees of the Leslie-Judge Company are barred from this contest.
6. Checks will be mailed to the winners as soon as the winners are determined.
7. In the event of ties, prizes identical in character with that offered will be given to each of those so tying.
8. The names of the winners will be published in a number of *JUDGE* issued during April, 1922.
9. Address all clippings, with the total number of faces indicated on each package, to "Chairman, *JUDGE*'s National Smile Week Committee," 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Clippings will not be returned. All inquiries regarding this contest should be addressed to the Chairman, accompanied by a stamp for reply.

What Other Chambers of Commerce Say About *JUDGE*'s NATIONAL SMILE WEEK

Macon Chamber of Commerce, Ga.:

"We will be glad to co-operate with you in promoting the success of NATIONAL SMILE WEEK."

The Chamber of Commerce, Canon City, Col.:

"We can assure you of our hearty support. . . . I believe you are on the right track."

Fitzgerald Chamber of Commerce, Ga.:

"I am heartily in accord with the program as outlined by you. If the world ever did need the smiling countenances of men, it is now when people need so much to be cheered up."

Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce, N. M.:

"More power to *JUDGE*. We are for the SMILE WEEK, and then smile on."

Poughkeepsie Chamber of Commerce, N. Y.:

"Will be glad to co-operate with you in your NATIONAL SMILE WEEK."

Chamber of Commerce, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho:

"We are interested in *JUDGE*'s NATIONAL SMILE WEEK. A smile is the best tonic."

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Cal.:

JUDGE's SMILE WEEK interests me.

JUDGE'S NATIONAL SMILE WEEK, February 5th-12th, 1922



Reading from left to right—FILM FUN, Wm. Farnum and Herbert Brenon.

You may not have Farnum's histrionic abilities, but you will act the same when you read

FILM FUN

20 Cents



Be Popular!

Learn To Dance Well!

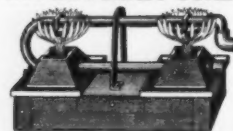
Don't envy good dancers! By my remarkable new easy picture method, anyone can learn the newest dances in a few hours at home. You need no music or partner. More than 60,000 have learned to dance by mail. I guarantee to teach you Fox Trot, Waltz, One Step, Conversation Walk and other new dances.

To prove I can make you an accomplished dancer easily and quickly, I will send you, in plain cover, one lesson FREE. No obligation. For mailing, send 10c. Will you write me today?

Studio ARTHUR MURRAY, 112, 290 B'way, N. Y.

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Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper, Press \$12. Larger \$35 Job press \$150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYP. cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-20, Meriden, Conn.

Peace, f o. b. Geneva—(Concluded from page 78)

to do with every branch of labor from wood chopping in Finland to silk-weaving in Tokio.

It costs money to run general offices of anything. The Geneva general offices of the League have a budget of about \$4,000,000 a year. The League has a budget committee. The head of every department in the League's offices must appear before this committee and tell how he intends to spend the money allotted to him. Those are trying days around the general offices in Geneva when the budget committee is sitting. Department heads have to fight hard for the money they get, even if the money does come from the treasuries of fifty-one nations.

Each nation is assessed a share of the budget costs, according to its income and size.

And by the same token that the officers of the League's secretariat find American citizens useful employees of the secretariat, so they find American money of extreme value in settling up the debts of the various countries to the League.

Not long ago a young man entered the offices in Geneva and said: "I have come to pay Poland's share of League expenses. Our bill is \$64,200.40, isn't it?"

"That is the exact sum," he was told. From a bag he drew out handfuls of American bills. They were pretty dirty and some of them pretty ragged. They ranged in denomination from \$1 to \$100. Slowly he counted out the money.

He had \$64,200 in bills.

Then he reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out eight nickels!

Every treaty, made by any nation which is a member of the League, must

be filed in Geneva. Scores of treaties which have been made by member nations with the United States have been filed in the League's offices. These treaties are immediately made public. The public can buy them for twenty-five cents a copy, in the form of a little brown book. Any one in the world who wants to know about what is going on in the treaty line throughout the world can make arrangements with the League's secretariat at Geneva. He can subscribe for the treaties as he might subscribe for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Every copy is sent him as it comes out. Even Germany, not a member of the League, is sending all her treaties to Geneva to have them registered and published there. Under the League law no treaty is legal until it has been published.

Not long ago a famous secret service man, acting for his government, went to the offices of the League of Nations at Geneva and whispered to an official:

"There's a certain treaty filed here that I want to see. Do you suppose you can give me a peep at it? It's very important."

"Sure," said the League official.

At lunch time the two men walked down a side street to a book store.

"There's your treaty," said the official, pointing to a little brown book on one of the shelves. "It'll cost you about a quarter."

Whatever else may be said about the League of Nations, it isn't a secret affair. If, in the abstract, it looked as effective to the world as, in the concrete, its general offices appear, perhaps the United States would be in it. But I have written only about the general offices.

Is It Chiro-Quack-tic?—(Continued from page 85)

pose of this publication is to show how men no longer young, who had made more or less of a failure of life, finally took up chiropractic and prospered. The booklet is full of testimonials, telling how much money these eleventh-hour practitioners are making. Here are some examples:

"Oakland, Cal.

"I was born May 24, 1850, in Canada. But am feeling fine. I adjust from thirty to seventy-five patients a day. . . . My practice runs from \$700 to over \$1,000 a month."

"Melfort, Sask.

"I enrolled in the Palmer School of Chiropractic April 19, 1916, at the age of fifty years, and must confess that it was with grave doubts and fears, as I have been farming thirty-five years and thought it would be next to impossible for me to get down to study in a school-room at my time of life. . . . Of course I started with two or three patients. Best of all sick folks are getting well under my care. I am making a good living and some to spare."

"Kankakee, Ill.

"I was thirty-two years old when I took up chiropractic. Lack of education, poor eyes and poor health had held me back from many a chance to make good. . . . I had to borrow \$400 to get through school. I was out of debt and \$700 to the good by Christmas. . . .

"I consider that I have made good from three standpoints. I have done lots of good and relieved a great deal of suffering. I have made a living. I have saved money. I have spent over \$3,000 for automobiles, having owned a Buick roadster, an Oakland Six and just recently purchased a 1918 model Buick Six. I own real estate to the value of \$7,000 or \$8,000. I am buying Liberty Bonds and I have paid income taxes for two years. . . ."

"You Can, You Will," is the title of a circular of the New York State College of Chiropractic, which says:

"BE DARING

"If Life is not giving you what is rightfully yours. If you feel that your energies and ambitions are being crushed by the work you are now compelled to do for a bare livelihood, dare, DARE, to cut the bonds that shackle you. . . . Get out of the daily grind of long hours and small pay. You have a right to the bigger things of life. You have a right to leisure, to happiness, to comfort, to a just compensation. . . .

"YOU WANT SUCCESS

"Get into the well paying Profession of Chiropractic. . . ."

The clinics of chiropractic schools are used to convince prospective students

(Concluded on page 106)

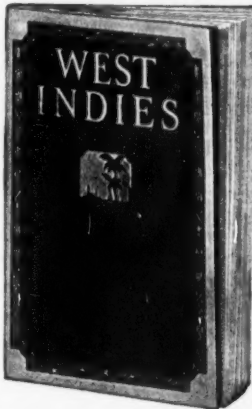
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A companion volume to the book on the West Indies, devoted exclusively to the Island of Cuba, covering historical data; Commerce; Havana; Cabanas; Morro Castle; Havana's Hotels, Cafes, Theatres and movies; Sports, Souvenirs; Currency; Y. M. C. A.; Information; Matanzas; Transportation; Post Office; Santiago; Antilla; Manzanillo; Guantanamo; Cienfuegos; Camaguey; American Colonies; Churches; Social Customs; Postal, Telegraph and Cable; National Holidays. Pocket size, flexible binding, cover in colors, helpful maps. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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627 W. 43rd ST., NEW YORK CITY

A Plan to Reconstruct Russia

(Continued from page 87)

tight apartments in everybody's mind. Whether one were parson, politician or plumber, a wholly different set of moods and methods of thought answered the door bell when a call was made at one or the other of these apartments.

In those distant days—a generation ago—you were said to be "soft" if you injected notions of humanity and idealism into a business discussion; and you were said to be "hard" if you suggested technical organization and sound accountability at a charity meeting.

An immense change has gradually been wrought in the universal mind during these last three decades. This change is now about to culminate in the most tremendous event of history. The human race is pulling itself together; we are about to knock out the partition that has separated the two apartments of the mind.

Five years ago a society, consisting mostly of engineers, was formed in New York—with an office in the Singer Building—for the purpose of accelerating the process that is forcing capitalism into a self-consistency that is scientific and human. The Technic International grows out of this society. It addresses itself to Russia in the first instance—instead of to China or Mexico—simply because Russia happens to be the place where there is the greatest disparity between actual and potential productivity. Russia offers, therefore, the widest margin of action for an organizing and engineering capitalism, bent on the economizing of human abilities and the creation of real wealth.

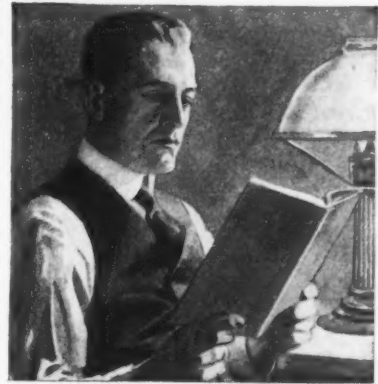
The right answer to the Russian problem is the mobilization of productive power on an unprecedented scale—a "technic offensive" of the magnitude of a "spring drive" in Flanders. The politicians, external and internal, have thrown the Russian people out of work and delivered them to pestilence and famine; let them now stand back and give the engineers a chance.

Organized charity cannot carry the burden that has been laid upon it by what Solicitor-General Beck calls the "economic catastrophe of 1921"—outrivalling, as he says, "the political and military catastrophe of 1914." Charity was never meant for such uses. It is nearly done. Like a spent steed it is panting to its goal.

The inextinguishable impulse of humanity must now express itself in some more potent form. The prosperous cannot carry the unprosperous—now that unprosperity has taken a continental scope. It is necessary to make the doing of good a self-liquidating business. The gap between business and benevolence must be closed up.

America has put its hand to the plow in Russia. And since this is not a matter of politics—in which our inconstancy has become a universal proverb—but a matter of direct-action humanity and business sense, we shall not "look back." We shall show the Russians how to draw a straight furrow, with a gang plow; and a whole modern equipment for getting food, clothes, housing and transportations will go with the demonstration.

(Continued on page 105)



\$95 an Hour!

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What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon now!

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Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Com. School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEAT'G | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
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Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

Subscribers to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answer by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, 627 West 43d St., New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

PROFITEERING STILL THE RAGE

EVIDENTLY the profiteer is still with us and in force. Otherwise the Department of Justice, at Washington, with State and municipal authorities co-operating, would not have begun a nation-wide crusade against those who violate the law by charging undue prices for food, fuel and clothing. Had not the practice been widespread and the abuses glaring, official action would not have been taken. The prosecution is aimed against retailers of the commodities mentioned and is carried on under the Sherman act prohibiting restraint of trade. Doubtless, recent slashes in prices by prominent stores, which are not losing money even now, has helped to open the eyes of the Department of Justice.

Whether the Government officials can succeed in convicting any of the accused merchants there is no clearer fact than that profiteering does restrain, and often even kill, trade. Without buying there can be no trade; without trade there is no incentive to production. If retailers persist in rearing the wall of high prices between producer and consumer, causing the latter to desist from buying, the former necessarily has to curtail operations and perhaps shut up shop. The public, which struck against exorbitant prices a year or so ago, is no more inclined to-day than then to be gouged. Even if it were willing, it could not so well afford to buy as in the general inflation period. It knows that the manufacturer and the wholesaler have cut their figures and it insists that the retailers be satisfied with peace-time rather than war-time profits. It is a grievous thing that a certain class of business men should strive, in opposition to the common welfare, to keep up swollen prices thus long after the War.

The projected legal proceedings may have the effect of pillorying some of the profiteers and injuring their standing in the community. A few conspicuous examples of discredit should prove to be a wholesome warning to the over-greedy crowd. Should that not be the case, and excessive price making continues, more manufacturers and wholesalers will be tempted to go over the heads of the retailers and to take up the sale of goods to customers direct. "Factory to consumer" will thus become a slogan of still wider application. Many producers and large distributors have already adopted

this plan and have found it feasible and profitable. Instead of sending out salesmen to various parts of the country, they simply advertise in reputable publications of extensive circulation, and they thereby save a big percentage of overhead expenses and besides maintain the volume of their business.

Not every corporation or firm possesses the right kind of products for this mail-order method of sale, but no doubt a considerable number have one or more varieties of goods that can be disposed of in such a way. The producer under this arrangement gets no less, perhaps he can get a little more, than the ordinary system allows him. Certainly the customer should benefit by the great reductions from the middleman's charges.

The public to a large extent is helpless under the profiteering infliction because it must have the necessities of life and there is no place to obtain these more cheaply than in the retail establishments. The farmers have not yet fully developed delivery of food products to individual customers and so people in the cities are particularly at the retailers' mercy in the matter of provisions. It is gratifying that the Department of Justice has started its reformatory measures. These should result in relief to consumers and in at least some quickening of business. The people have sufficient money to pay just prices and they would "loosen up" markedly if they felt sure of getting proper value for their dollars.

Answers to Inquiries

C. SENSEN, ILL.: New oil concerns are springing up all the time in the Western and Southern oil regions, and it is impossible to keep track of them. In most cases it isn't worth while to do so, for the companies are doomed to failure from the beginning. It is a good rule to let the stock of oil companies alone until they become settled producers and seasoned dividend payers. Island Oil Co. stock is in the highly speculative class. The company probably has a future, but it is making its way toward success very slowly and it often slips back. Couden Oil Co. stock is reasonably safe, as it pays a dividend and the outlook for the concern is good.

F. SPENCER, ILL.: Ohio Oil belongs to the Standard Oil group and is one of the strongest and most successful oil companies. It would be reasonably safe to invest in its shares. Swift International seems likely to continue its dividends.

P. MANSFIELD, OHIO: I do not advise purchase of Summs Petroleum at present figure. The stock is too speculative. Miami Copper is one of the best managed mining companies. While most other copper companies have cut or passed dividends, Miami has maintained its return to stockholders all through the period of depression. Seneca and American Smelting & Refining company are not dividend payers, and are speculative at present.

R. SHULZBERG, WIS.: Northern States Power pfd. is a good business man's investment. Its position has been improved by the fact that the company has resumed dividends on the common, showing increased prosperity.

N. NEW YORK: The Atlantic Lobos Oil Co. was incor-

ported in September, 1919, and is within the Standard Oil group, the majority of its stock being owned by the Atlantic Oil Refining Co. Lobos pays dividends of \$8 on preferred, or 16 per cent. on par (\$50). The preferred is an excellent purchase.

H. ADDIS, LA.: Penn Public Service Corp. ten-year 1st and ref. mortgage bonds, Toledo Edison Co. 1st mortgage 7s and Chicago & Western Indiana R.R. Co. 13-year 7½s are in the class of sound investments and the firm which offers them is of high standing. The General Motors Building Corp. 7s are among well regarded and safe real estate bonds.

G. CHICAGO, ILL.: No recent authentic information regarding the Tungsten Mountain Mines is at hand. There have been many projects to mine tungsten, but so far as I know none has proved a shining success. If the company had been paying dividends you as a stockholder would undoubtedly have been notified of the fact and received checks.

N. OMAHA, NEB.: The new Oregon Short Line Railroad 1st mortgage 5 per cent. guaranteed gold bonds are due July 1, 1946. They are a particularly safe purchase as they are guaranteed by the Union Pacific Railroad. They were offered at a price to yield 5.4 per cent. This is the lowest yield of any first-class railroad securities offered since deflation began.

K. BOSTON, MASS.: Among desirable preferred stocks yielding 6 per cent. or more on market price are U. S. Steel pfd., American Car & Foundry pfd., American Locomotive pfd., American Can pfd., Atchafalaya pfd., National Lead pfd., Corn Products pfd., International Mercantile Marine pfd., Allis Chalmers pfd., and Rock Island 7 per cent. pfd.

J. BANGOR, ME.: Among well regarded foreign bonds yielding more than 6 per cent. are Sweden 6s, Switzerland 8s, Belgium 7½s, Norway 8s, Denmark 8s, Brazil 8s and Chile 8s.

L. YONKERS, N. Y.: The first mortgage 7 per cent. gold bonds of the Robert Galt Company of New York is a desirable investment. The business of this company was founded in 1864. It is the largest manufacturer in the world of paper containers, and also turns out various other paper products. Net earnings of the six plants for the five years ended December 31, 1920, averaged more than eight times interest charges. The bonds were offered at a price to yield 7.39 per cent.

S. BALTIMORE, MD.: The ten-year sinking fund 7 per cent. gold notes of the Tobacco Products Corporation are a reasonably safe purchase. The corporation's net profits are several times interest requirements. Dividends are paid on the cumulative 7 per cent. preferred stock and on the common stock. The notes were offered at par.

O. TOLEDO, OHIO: The strike of the packers' employees need not have kept you from buying the ten-year convertible sinking fund 7½ per cent. bonds of Wilson & Company, Inc. The company's business began sixty-seven years ago and the company is one of the largest packing concerns in the United States. It is a very strong organization. The bonds were offered at a price to yield over 8 per cent.

P. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: The Warner Sugar Refining Company's 1st mortgage 20-year 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds are a fair investment. The company has at Edgewater, N. J., one of the largest sugar refineries on the Atlantic seaboard. Net earnings have been much larger than the interest on these bonds. Price lately to yield about 7.35 per cent.

M. MANCHESTER, VT.: The Warren Brothers Company's 13-year 7½ per cent. convertible sinking funds debenture gold bonds are reasonably safe. The company is the largest road building organization in the world. It operates a machine shop in Cambridge, Mass., for the manufacture of paving machinery. Net earnings have been about four and a half times interest charges. Price to yield 7¼ per cent.

B. WHEELING, N. J.: Wright Aeronautical Corp. has prospered to the extent of lately paying a dividend of \$3c. If this should prove to be quarterly, and be maintained, the yield on market price of the stock will be liberal. The corporation should do as well eventually as any organization in that line of business.

H. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: The New England Oil Refining Co.'s 8 per cent. bonds are guaranteed by the New England Oil Corp. The latter's financial position, however, is not specially strong. The bonds may be safe but there are better ones.

M. PEABODY, IND.: I do not advise buying Goodyear common or pfd. at present price, and especially not on a margin. Get something that is a dividend payer.

G. COLLINGSVILLE, ILL.: A workingman with \$500 should not put his money into such undesirable stocks as you mention. Not one is a dividend payer, and all are in the highly speculative class. Purchase something that is seasoned, meritorious and likely to maintain its dividend. A man of limited means should shun all the very cheap, undependable issues. You can find enough speculation, and yet have an income, by buying such low-priced shares as Middle States Oil paying \$1.20 and Hupp Motor, \$1. These are not high-grade, but they are far better than the stocks you inquire about.

M. RICHMOND, VA.: The outlook for both the Cuba Cane Sugar Co. and the American Ship & Commerce Corp. is not very bright. The sugar industry and ship-building and shipping industries are suffering from depression and though eventually improvement is probable, there may be a long wait. I would not advise selling your shares at a serious loss. They may sell a little higher by and by. Owing to the uncertainty of their future, I do not advise you to even up.

D. GILBERT, MINN.: National Leather's reorganization has not seriously affected the 8 per cent. bonds. Recently they were quoted at 95½, showing that they held their price well. They are probably safe, but there are senior issues that are more desirable.

R. BATAVIA, NEW YORK.: Chile Copper Co. common is still in the speculative stage and the price has declined considerably from your purchase figure. Lately there has been a revival of interest in this stock and reports concerning prospects of the mines have been favorable. It may be a long time before the shares reach the price of the course of a year, with an improved

copper market, they should sell higher. It would probably pay you to hold them for at least a while. Kerr Lake is a somewhat doubtful mining proposition, because the ore reserves are approaching exhaustion. The stock will hardly sell higher, unless new discoveries of rich ore are made. Pennsylvania R. R. stock, in spite of reduction of dividend to \$2 per year, is a sterling issue and should some day "come back." It would not be unwise to even up on your shares. American Woolen pfd. is one of the best of industrials. It has paid dividends regularly for over twenty-one years, and it has as good an outlook as ever. You could make a profit by selling, but it is a splendid stock to hold. New York Central stock is one of the best in the railroad class and though its market price is now much below the cost to you, you had better hold it, for some day it is almost sure to sell higher.

S. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.: The Di Giorgio Fruit Co. was incorporated in December, 1920, and so is comparatively youthful, though it acquired a number of established concerns. I have no statement of its earnings or dividends. The company has a large acreage of fruit land, but fruit raising is a most uncertain business, and I do not advise purchase of the shares of any concern engaged in it. It would be wiser to buy the shares of a time-tested company which is a reliable dividend payer.

K. McKINNEY, TEX.: The American Fuel Oil & Transportation Co. is not remarkably strong financially. It has paid only one small dividend on common stock. Dividends on preferred have lately been paid in scrip. Its bonds may be safe, but I prefer the issues of a more prosperous company.

L. ELIZABETH CITY, PA.: The condition of Austria does not warrant buying of its Government bonds or of the municipal bonds of the country. Austria's financial condition is next to hopeless and it is a risky gamble to buy any bonds bearing the Austrian stamp.

C. ATLANTA, GA.: U. S. Industrial Alcohol was hit hard in the course of readjustment, but the business is a going one and the company should some day recover from the depression. The stock is not "going lower all the time." It is now several points higher than it was a few months ago. There are those who predict higher prices in the securities market within the next few months. It seems better to hold your shares than dispose of them at a heavy loss. To some extent these remarks apply to U. S. Food Products. During the inflation period this company paid as high as 8 per cent. in dividends. Deflation and loss of trade adversely affected it. The stock at present is a long pull speculation, but betterment in the company's condition may occur during the present year.

H. FOND DU LAC, WIS.: The Internal Revenue Office states that pensions of Civil War veterans are not subject to income tax.

B. EASTON, PA.: If your purchase of the French bond was actually completed on December 9 you were entitled to the interest coupon falling due December 16. As you did not get the coupon you should have had an allowance made to you for it.

M. BOSTON, PA.: The Columbia Graphophone Mfg. Co. reports a deficit of \$3,682,341 for the nine months ended September 30, 1921, compared with a surplus of \$3,013,474 in the corresponding period of 1920. This indicates an exceedingly weak financial condition. I am told that the company's business is very poor and earnings are still falling off. The 8 per cent. bonds of the company have been selling as low as 33½. You had better leave the stock severely alone. Sears Roebuck's outlook has been distinctly improved by the action of its president in coming to the rescue with about \$20,000,000. This increased public confidence in the future of the company and the stock had a sharp advance. This undoubtedly to some extent discounted the future. The common is paying no dividend and it seems better to buy a dividend payer.

K. JOHNSTOWN, PA.: Callahan Zinc & Lead has paid no dividends since December, 1920. The company suffered a deficit in 1920, and earnings this year have not been satisfactory. It has only a moderate surplus. I would not call the stock "a fairly good speculation" and do not advise its purchase.

R. LANSING, MICH.: Oil & Gas has small holdings. It has paid two moderate dividends. Par value of the stock is \$1, but it is quoted at only 25 cents, which indicates a very poor outlook for the company. Big Ledge Copper, par \$5, is quoted at 25 cents. It has been one of the failures so far in its line. Gilliland Oil Co. is in the hands of a receiver. Until its financial troubles are settled it would be inadvisable to invest in its stock.

W. ANTHON, IOWA: Bonds are safer than the currencies of foreign countries. If you buy Denmark 8s, payable in U. S. gold coin, you know exactly what you will receive. The yield is liberal. These bonds are undoubtedly safe.

S. LEADONVILLE, OHIO: I approve of your purpose to buy the shares of old reliable companies instead of those of unreliable concerns. Allis Chalmers common is not yet a seasoned stock, though its prospects of maintaining dividends are good. The company manufactures air brakes, many kinds of machinery, farm tractors, tractor trucks and electrical apparatus.

W. HAMILTON, ONT.: You, of course, have a right to disagree with the opinions expressed in my articles. I have the highest respect for the heroism of the British, French, Belgian, Canadian and other Allied troops in the World War, but the cold hard fact is that all their valor would not have saved the Allies from defeat had not the United States taken a hand in the game. Balfour and others hurried over here to urge us to hasten our preparations for entering the conflict, declaring that the Germans would win if Americans did not go in quickly. As for the Allies' debts to the U. S. States, there have been many demands by persons of prominence on the other side and semi-official suggestions that these obligations be forgiven. While there has been no formal official proposition to that effect, hints enough have been given that the Allied Governments would like to have the American Government cancel their dues to it.

M. DETROIT, MICH.: Packard pfd. is paying a dividend, but the common is not. The pfd. is the only desirable purchase. Cities Service pfd. and common are

The Probable Price Trend

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still paying dividends, but mostly in scrip. It is possible to dispose of the scrip at a discount.

AUGUSTA, GA.: In limiting to \$50, or thereabouts, the price of the securities you wish to buy you greatly restrict the selection of first-class issues. However, here is a list, each of which has merit, though not all are gilt-edged: Westinghouse common, paying 84; Beth. Steel A, 85; Lehigh Valley R.R., 83.50; B. & O. R.R. pfd., 84; Kansas City Southern pfd., 84.

S. READING, PA.: It would not be advisable, in my opinion, to invest \$5,000 in Victor Page Motors Corp. The concern is still in the development stage with its future not assured. It is not a dividend payer. The stock is still only a speculation. It would be better to buy Southern Pacific, American Woolen common, or International Mercantile Marine pfd.

F. CINCINNATI, OHIO: St. Paul refunding 4 1/2s have plenty of security behind them and will eventually become first mortgage. Erie prior lien 4s are well secured by collateral, etc.

M. ATWATER, MINN.: Swift & Co. stock is an attractive industrial paying 8 per cent. The concern is strong and looks as if it could not fail to prosper in the future.

New York, January 14, 1924.

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S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, offer puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, and will send to any address their descriptive circular I, telling all about this method of trading in the stock market.

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Money deposited in a savings bank, and drawing only 3 or 4 per cent., could be invested in Investors' Bonds and

The Safety Valve—(Continued from page 80)

gone? She shrank closer to the wall. The second man undid the front curtains and climbed in. A moment's pause and then Lucile heard the whirr of the self-starter, then a single explosion and then almost instantly a steady purr, such as only a well-warmed motor can give. Familiar as she was with automobiles, she knew at once that the car had not been standing long idle.

Then, suddenly a muffled voice called out, "Wait a minute," and the rear curtains were opened and the first man clambered out. His figure, both figures, in all they did, had been dim, indistinct, almost aimless in their motions and gestures. Arms seemed to wave to no purpose, legs to become detached from bodies as bodies merged into the dark background of the automobile. Reflections were thrown off from a wet velvet collar, a button, an eyeglass, a polished shoe. White hands and faces moved of themselves without apparent connection with anything, like vague but animated forms floating through the dark at a seance. Yet each bit of motion, like a picture in black and light done by an artist who knew that people have imaginations, stimulated Lucile's mind to construct all that she could not see.

The man poked his nose into a crack of the front curtain and spoke to the driver of the automobile. What he said was unintelligible. Then he turned and went back toward the building. The driver suddenly parted the curtains and called after him, "Hey, Fred, tell Joe that we'll meet him—" The rest of the sentence was drowned in the roar of a very noisy taxi which raced by in the direction of Fifth Avenue. The first man did not pause or turn. Evidently the taxi engine had caught his ear just before the other man had spoken. He proceeded on his



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Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, have issued a Special Analysis outlining the probable course of the bond and stock markets during this year. It points out the market factors and the trade factors which will influence the price trend of securities in 1924. This is a forecast that every up-to-date investor will find it advantageous to consult. A copy of it may be obtained by writing to Clarkson & Co. for their bulletin I. W. 54.

way and disappeared into the building. The driver of the automobile glanced up and down the street, clambered out and darted toward the entrance, leaving his engine running. Clearly he was going to follow the other; probably he wouldn't be gone all told twenty seconds.

But it seemed like plenty of time to Lucile, for before he was half way across the sidewalk she had started toward the car. She hadn't gone through any ponderous mental process in deciding what she would do. She had merely responded instantly to some sudden stimulus. The thing seemed to have all been planned long, long ago and she merely played a preordained part like the heroine in a motion picture play who must forever go on doing the things that were arranged for her to do from the beginning. If the driver wouldn't be back for twenty seconds and she could have the automobile under way in five, what did the shortness of time matter?

She glanced up and down the street as she ran. No one was near. Over on Fifth Avenue the endless streams of motors flowed north and south. But Thirty-seventh Street was as deserted as some remote cañon. She dived between the curtains and, as she settled herself in the driver's seat of the automobile, her right hand seized the gear shift lever and her feet found the pedals. The car was perfectly familiar to her. It was a Challenge-Six and she had driven a Challenge thousands of miles. Familiar! Well, rather. The gears slipped into intermediate, the engine roared, the clutch took hold and the automobile leaped forward. Lucile heard a shout and half turned just in time to see the other emerge from the building with his arms an

(Continued)

Quantile Lobos Oil Co. was incorporated in California.

How to Cure Your Short-sightedness

(Concluded from page 92)

cannot do so, he must open the eyes and look at the dot again; and this is repeated a number of times, until a perfect black can be visualized.

Another good exercise is to look at a small object, held *very near* the eyes; and then, alternately, glance at a distant object again. Since near-sightedness is due to a strain to see distant objects, this exercise, which strains the opposite set of muscles—those employed in seeing a very near object—offsets the other strain. If, however, you find yourself squinting up the eyes, wrinkling the forehead, etc.—in an endeavor to see, you are straining the eyes, and this must at once be stopped.

Of course, precisely the reverse of this exercise should be tried, in cases of far-sightedness—when the actual strain is to see near objects clearly. In cases of astigmatism, the muscles at the rear of the eyeball are exercised *unequally*, and the eyeball is pulled into an unspherical condition. This requires very careful training, to rectify; but the cause is fundamentally the same, and can be cured in much the same manner, and glasses ultimately laid aside.

These discoveries of Doctor Bates are likely to become epoch-making—since they not only disprove the generally held theories as to the causation of eye defects, but give us a practical and efficient method of curing our own eyes, and enabling us to lay aside our glasses—even if these have been worn for many years.

A Plan to Reconstruct Russia

(Continued from page 101)

It is a large order. And it involves a good deal of self-instruction. For we have not yet learned how to get these things for ourselves in due measure and proportion. We shall learn in Russia.

It is to be expected that the whole business world will be regenerated by our Russian adventure. Russia cannot stand any more nonsense. Certainly the desperate plight of Russia—and the plight of the world because of Russia—makes stock-jobbing finance look foolish. The business of making money out of each other at random, without any regard for the upkeep and improvement of the apparatus of civilization, will have to be given up. The money-making scramble will have to yield to a new kind of business—the business of getting things done.

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The Russian Engineering Society in U. S. A.—a hundred men who know the realities of the Russian situation—has given its adhesion to the Technic International. In London and Paris there are groups that have long been associated in the spirit of this project. Under the name of The Technarchy it is discussed in Berlin, Vienna and Prague—and also



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in Moscow. No responsible projector of the movement has made any overture to the Moscow Government. Yet, as was to be expected, an overture has come from the opposite direction. The Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Government has a copy of the prospectus of the Technic International—acquired through its Bureau in Berlin. The chief of that Bureau writes to New York suggesting an acceleration of the project—without making any formal commitment.

The proposals the Russian officials have in view is that the Technic International shall take to itself a free hand in Southwest Russia from Odessa to the Polish frontiers—a territory bounded

Is It Chiro-Quack-tic?—(Concluded from page 100)

that the public, if not the medical men, believe in the new system of drugless healing and that there will be plenty of patients for the graduate. Most of these clinics are crowded with poor people, suffering from every kind of disease, who are treated by students for a nominal fee and in the presence of any visitors who are interested.

To illustrate I will try to describe what I saw one evening in the clinic of the New York College of Chiropractic.

The first patient brought before the class was a heavy set, red-complexioned, pimply-skinned man, who said he was forty. He complained of a pain in the region of the appendix. The professor in charge ran the fingers of one hand down the man's back, till he reached a certain point, when he exclaimed:

"There you have it. A subluxation of the first and second lumbar. That is just where the nerve from the spine leads to the vermiform appendix. But never mind, my man. We will fix you up. You won't need go to a surgeon and be butchered. We will take out the kink in your back bone and you won't have any more trouble."

Then turning to a pale faced youth in a huge white apron, he added:

"Did you get that, Doctor. Well, take him into the next room and adjust the first and second lumbar."

Whereupon the patient with a smile that plainly evidenced his complete faith in the professor's optimism fol-

lowed the boy into the "adjusting room." A gray haired man with an exceedingly worn out, washed out appearance, came next.

"Well, what's wrong here?" asked the professor. "He says he's hard of hearing," replied a heavy-jawed man with large callous fingers, who because of his white apron was evidently the student assigned to this case.

"All right, Let's see," responded the professor, who began feeling the bones of the man's neck. "Maybe there's a subluxation of his axis or his atlas," ventured a young man seated in the rear of the class.

"That's the idea, exactly," replied the professor pointing to the vertebrae just below the back of the skull. And to the heavy-jawed pupil at his side, the professor added:

"Adjust the bones where I've got my fingers. Yes, this is a splendid chiropractic case. We'll have him hearing everything before he knows it."

At this point a very fat individual who had told me earlier he "was thinking of entering the school," leaned over toward me and said:

"This is certainly a wonderful business, this chiropractic. I've seen enough. I'm going to take a course and practice. I can do it on the side, in addition to my restaurant business."

(The next article of this series will appear in an early issue).

Half a Billion Is a Lot of Money—(Concluded from page 97)

Call it \$500,000,000, f.o.b. Washington. All the money in circulation in the United States is only about twelve times that amount.

The Panama Canal—the purchase of rights, construction costs, costs of fortifications, current costs of all kinds to July 1, 1920—amounted to \$468,841,045.

All the teachers and instructors in all our public schools earned an aggregate salary for the year ending June 30, 1918, of \$421,084,254.

The total receipts of all our universities, colleges and schools of technology, exclusive of additions to endowments, amounted in 1917-18 to \$137,055,415.

The farm land in all of New England in 1910 was valued at \$382,134,424.

The Government's net investment in all irrigation projects to June 30, 1920, represented \$120,355,703.

All the gasoline used in the United States in the last year cost consumers less than \$100,000,000.

With \$500,000,000 we could do these things:

We could build 70 libraries like the Library of Congress; yes, every year.

We could give a raise of \$713 dollars to every one of the 700,000 school teachers in the United States.

We could supply \$1,000 to 500,000 boys and girls who want to go to college.

We could build 100,000 homes at \$5,000 each.

We could rebate \$100 to each of all the 5,332,760 men and women who pondered personal income tax returns and shell out the burdensome average of \$238.08 each for the current year, at the rate of \$11.98 per capita, for all the big family of 110,000,000 Americans.

How much *would* you pay for these books?

HAVE you ever heard of the famous "bargain basement" in the Filene Store in Boston—its unique plan for clearing out odds and ends of first-class stock and great bargain offers to wise buyers? Here's how it works:

They have on hand, say 10 dozen Women's Blouses in broken sizes, selling normally at \$12.00 each. These are sent to the Bargain Basement and priced at perhaps \$5.00. Any unsold next day are priced at \$4.00. Unsold stock is re-priced next day at \$3.00 and so on until all are sold. Big bargains for wise buyers who are on the job.

We're going to do something just as extraordinary and as worth-while to wise buyers—in this case, Books. These books are new; in first-class condition—books worth reading and owning.

You can fix your own price

In each case we specify the number of sets or volumes on hand and the publisher's price. While you might not feel like investing the price the publisher fixed on them, the books you want have some value. You can set your own price, make any bid you want—10 cents, 50 cents, one dollar—whatever you wish. Send in your bid, with check or money order attached and specify the books you want and the price you want to pay.

The highest bidders will get the books, no matter how low the price. Bids will close January 30, 1922. At that time all bids will be tabulated and books shipped to the highest bidders. Any bids not accepted will be returned at once.

Bids close January 30

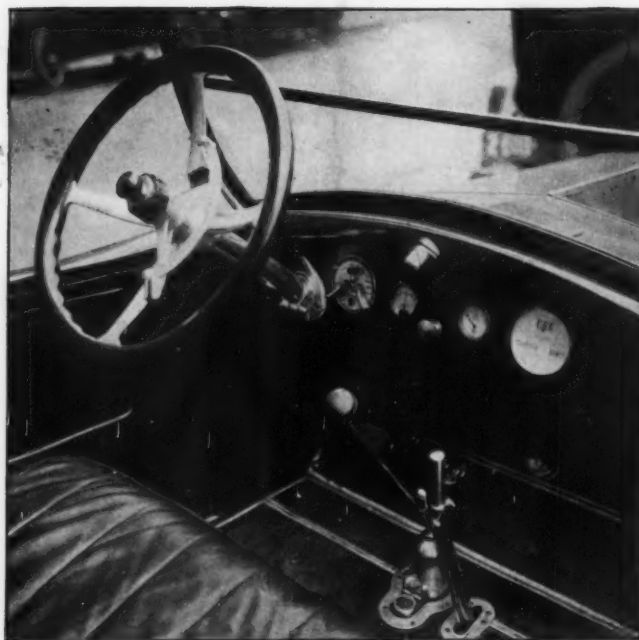
The books are listed below, with accurate descriptions and exact number of each on hand. Take Chauncey Depew's set for example—15 sets of 10 volumes, on hand. Assume that 12 persons bid \$5.00, 2 bid \$2, 1 bid \$1 and 10 bid 50 cents each. The 15 high bidders get the books. Someone gets a \$30.00 set for \$1.00. Unsuccessful bidders get their money back at once. Now get your bid in quick, the time is short, bid anything you want—10 cents up—and get a bargain!

Here are the Books:

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|---|--|
| <p>15 sets "Orations, Addresses and Speeches of Chauncey Depew." Edition de Luxe, 10 volumes, 6¼" x 9¼", bound in crimson buckram stamped in gold, gilt tops, beautifully printed from large type on deckle edge antique laid book paper. Profusely illustrated with genuine gravure prints; title pages embellished in Persian orange—a splendid library edition of one of America's greatest orators. These sets formerly sold at \$30.00—what do you bid? Any bid will be considered and a set, carefully packed, shipped express collect to the 15 highest bidders.</p> <p>530 copies "Caricature," The Wit and Humor of a Nation in Picture, Song and Story, 186 pages, size 8½" x 10½", bound in green cloth, green edges, several hundred illustrations. Publisher's price \$1.50—what do you bid? Fix any price you wish—10 cents, 25 cents—whatever you say. Copies will be sent express collect to the 530 highest bidders.</p> <p>18 copies "Panama—The Greatest Engineering Feat in the World," by Ralph Emmett Avery, Traveler, Author and Lecturer. 384 pages, size 7¾" x 10½", printed from large type. On heavy plate paper, several hundred illustrations in black and color. Frontispiece portrait in color of General George W. Goethals. Map insert of Canal Zone; Pronouncing Gazetteer of Geographical names. Bound in crimson cloth stamped in gold. Publisher's price \$3.00—what do you bid?</p> <p>686 copies "Blood Stained Russia," by Captain Donald C. Thompson; size 9" x 12", 200 pages printed on heavy plate paper, profusely illustrated. Bound in red cloth. Publisher's price \$3.00—what do you bid? You can make any offer you wish—10 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents—whatever you say. Successful bidders will get their books at once, carefully packed, express collect.</p> | <p>346 copies "New World Atlas 1920," 10" x 13¼" in size, 144 pages including Census. Bound in blue cloth. 96 full page maps in color covering every section of the world. The Countries of the World, Principal Cities, Facts about the World War, America in the World War, International Comparisons, Growth of the U. S. Navy. Publisher's price \$3.00—a good buy at 50 cents—what do you bid?</p> <p>139 copies "Canada at War," by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., F.R.G.S., 448 pages size 5¾" x 9", printed from large type on white antique paper, profusely illustrated; bound in crimson cloth stamped in gold and white leaf. A bargain at 50 cents, but bid whatever you wish!</p> <p>296 copies "The Wonder Book of Knowledge," compiled and edited by Henry Chase Hill, 608 pages, size 6½" x 9½", illustrated with 780 photographs and drawings in black and color. Bound in cloth. In this book are explained the Marvels of Modern Industry and Invention, the interesting Stories of Common Things and The Mysterious Processes of Nature Simply Explained. Sold heretofore at \$3.00, this will be a bargain at \$1.00 or \$1.50—but make your own bid!</p> <p>1854 copies "The United States in the Great War," by Willis J. Abbot—another book that should be in every home and that, in years to come, will be held almost priceless. Size 7¾" x 10½", 328 pages, profusely illustrated in black and color—several hundred pictures. Frontispiece portrait of General Pershing in color. Map end leaves, cloth bound with inset color-plate. Here's a book that you simply must have. While the publisher's price was \$3.00 and the book is worth it—make your own bid!—say one dollar?</p> |
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Here's your chance to fix your own price. Don't be bashful—start at 10 cents if you want, but remember that others appreciate the chance to get bargain values too. Specify the books you want, enclose check or money order for the amount of your bid. All bids will close January 30, 1922, and books expressed collect to successful bidders at once. Unsuccessful bidders will have their remittances returned on February 1. Now take your pick!

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